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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE Austro-Germans and Bulgarians continue their advance southward and westward. Their marches go on day by day with monotonous regularity, though nowhere have they been unopposed. Each mile southward and westward has cost the enemy a definite loss, though the price exacted has grown less as the speed of the invaders increased owing to the Serbian shortage of supplies. Tetovo was finally secured by the Bulgarians about ten days ago. It was the road-head of the avenue joining the Serbs with Macedonia. But it was not until last Saturday that the Bulgarians were able to extend their hold upon the road by the capture of the village of Gostivar. Below that point, even now they are held along the Gostivar-Monastir road. The small Serbian force operating here has drawn a cincture about the Bulgar attack, holding it off the Gostivar-Monastir road and the Monastir-Prilep road, though the line has been pressed down into the angle of the triangle whose apex is Monastir.

OVER the whole of the Macedonian section the enemy has made little progress. The Babuna position was turned last week, but the natural advantage of the success, the capture of the Prilep-Monastir road, has not yet been realized. The French still seem to hold their own fairly easily in the triangle between the rivers Czerna and the Vardar, though the odds against them must approach four to one. On the east of Vardar River

they maintain an advanced position on the commanding eminence of Kara Hodjali. The continuation of their line eastward to the British front north of Doiran is well to the east of the essential artery of supply, the Krivolak-Salonika railway. The Bulgarians are established between the French left and the Serb right, but are able to make no issue through the gap.

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THE most striking success of the enemy has been north of Tetovo, though a careful study of the position in which a momentary equilibrium has been struck, reveals, as in Macedonia, the remarkable stubbornness of the Serb defence. The Bulgars seized Katchanik before they took Tetovo. It is through Katchanik that the only road and railway runs north towards Mitrovitzia. But in spite of desperate fighting, the Bulgar front is still at Katchanik. The Bulgars have spent all their efforts in overrunning the historic plateau of Kossovo. Prishtina, recaptured from the Turks in 1912, after ten days' bitter fighting, has fallen to the Bulgars and Germans, who converged upon it from the east and north, respectively. Novi Bazar was occupied a week ago, but Mitrovitzia, between it and Prishtina, only on Wednesday.

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THE total effect of these advances is that the Serbs have now been pushed almost completely from their country. The Austrians now pen in the Western, Northern, and Southern avenues from Montenegro. On the East the Austro-Germans and Bulgars have now continued the line about the little country, and in so doing they have forced the Serbs to take refuge there and in Northern Albania. The new Serb seat of Government is Scutari, in Northern Albania. Though the defenders have not lost so heavily as the ambitious enemy *communiqués* represent, it is difficult to think that more than 100,000, or at most 120,000, can make good their escape through the bad roads which open up the country on their retreat. They urgently require revictualling. If they are later to take part in an advance with the Allies, they also require remunitioning, since this has been the real cause of the acceleration in the enemy's advance. The redemption of Serbia, apparently, could be best secured by the Allies operating on a number of good lines of supply. In Albania the refitting of the Serbs should not be a difficult matter, and if the Allies who have not yet appeared in this theatre at length send forces, they would naturally operate from different bases.

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THE force which, under the supreme command of Sir John Nixon, has been advancing up the Tigris Valley, has now pushed its encampments to within some two days' march of Baghdad. At Ctesiphon, where the palace of the Persian King Chosroes, one of the finest examples of Sassanian architecture, still exists, General Townsend's division was heavily engaged on Monday. After severe fighting, the ancient town was taken, with about 800 prisoners and much material. Our own losses were 2,000 killed and wounded, a heavy list, but probably not more than half that of the Turks. The troops were able to beat off the counter-attacks on the two following

days, but on Wednesday ran short of water, and were forced to fall back a few miles to the river in order to take in new supplies. Ctesiphon itself is but eighteen miles from Baghdad, and no doubt General Townsend will continue his advance shortly, and capture the city of German dreams. As German military critics have already begun to minimize its value, it is the more amusing that the Germans should have published a ludicrously inaccurate account of the recent battle.

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ON the Russian front, Ruszky continues to press back the Germans west of Riga, though they have now secured Bersemunde, some six miles south-east of Riga. The importance of Bersemunde is that it is near the island Balen, in the middle of the Dvina. The island would be an important concentration centre, but it has not yet been taken, and fighting is continuing about Bersemunde. While the Germans on this front are being pressed back at several points, the Galician armies have been strengthened. Germany cannot allow Russia, at the moment when Rumania may be wavering, to continue her advance westward, and the Austro-Germans are therefore making the most vigorous efforts to force back the Russian line. The line of the Styri has still, however, not been forced. Tsartorysk, after momentarily falling into the hands of the enemy, has been re-captured. Until the Styri is crossed, there is no imminent threat to the railway, which is the immediate enemy objective. It is reported that a large Russian army is assembling upon the Rumanian frontier for service in Bulgaria. Possibly the wish is father to the thought.

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THE position of Greece in relation to the Entente remains mysterious, but the tendency seems to be towards an amicable settlement. Lord Kitchener and M. Denys Cochin have both been in Athens, negotiating with the King, his generals, and his Ministers, and receiving from the populace a much warmer welcome than official circles gave them. At the end of last week an official statement explained that certain measures were being taken to restrict the freedom of Greek commerce. On Tuesday this was followed by a brief announcement that there is no blockade, and that Greek ships are not being detained in our ports. Apparently these coercive measures, whatever they were, had some effect. There is no doubt that Greek ships were detained for some days at Malta. These preliminary conversations led up to the presentation of a joint Note in which complete freedom of action with full railway facilities was demanded for the Allied troops. An undertaking was added that the occupied territory will be evacuated after the peace, and an indemnity paid.

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THE exact terms of the Greek answer are not yet known. The demand of the Entente is accepted in principle, and while there is still some reserve as to questions of detail, the official announcement at Athens on Wednesday stated that the reply "gives satisfaction to the Entente demands and all the guarantees considered essential." A sidelight is thrown upon this by the release of the Greek ships at Malta and the permission to send cables via Malta. From Sir Edward Grey's statement in the House on Wednesday that he was not yet in a position to make a pronouncement on the subject of the reply, it may be inferred that, though the reply has fairly well satisfied us, there are still points at issue. Oddly enough, it is said that Germany is advising Greece to demobilize, and this may be the best solution of the tangle.

SIR EDWARD GREY stated, in Parliament on Tuesday, that the Persian gendarmerie, with its foreign officers, has revolted against the Teheran Government. The revolt, apparently engineered by German agents, has already gone to the extent of isolating Shiraz. The British Consul and the members of the British colony there have been seized, and the gendarmerie have also seized and robbed toll-houses and offices and arrested the manager of the Imperial Bank of Persia. The Persian Cossacks at Hamadan were attacked, and compelled to fall back, but the town was successfully held. The telegraph line from Teheran to the south of Persia and India, which had been cut by the rebels, has now been restored. The non-payment of the wages of the gendarmerie seems to have prepared the way for German intrigue, and something more is required than an attempt to get this once promising but now disorganized and probably corrupt force again in hand.

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IN a telegram from Bucharest, Mr. Bourchier, the veteran correspondent of the "Times," states that the Bulgarian Opposition will make an effort at the forthcoming meeting of the Sobranie to limit the scope of the campaign. In their view Bulgaria entered the war only to obtain possession of Macedonia. She has now secured it, and she would therefore be wise either to conclude a separate peace, or, at any rate, to refrain from further active warfare. This news confirms our own anticipations, and opens up the very delicate question whether an effort should be made to detach Bulgaria from our enemies. Her price will be Macedonia. This talk of a separate peace may reflect the anxiety caused by the renewed announcement of a Russian expedition against Bulgaria. On the other hand, King Ferdinand may have entered into an unlimited commitment with the Central Powers, and it remains to be seen whether the Opposition will speak as boldly as it did before the war. It has been, so far, a prosperous adventure, and the peasants are making fortunes by selling their accumulated harvests and live stock, unmarketable for nearly two years, to hungry Germanic purchasers.

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LORD DERBY has made various pronouncements on recruiting. Last week he said at Edinburgh that if the unmarried men did not join they would force Parliament to "consider" compulsion; an equivocal statement, but rather more moderate than some of its predecessors. In a letter to Mr. Asquith, he was good enough to define the Prime Minister's position for him. His interpretation was that if the young single men did not come forward voluntarily, Mr. Asquith would either release the married from their pledge or introduce a Bill to force the single men to serve. This would imply that the "vast majority" of young men not engaged in munitions or necessary civil work, or with adequate reasons for refusal, ought to serve, and compulsion could only be applied to a "considerable number" of refusals.

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MR. ASQUITH assented to this statement. But we must point out (1) that every Englishman is still free to say whether he will be a soldier; (2) that neither Lord Derby nor the Prime Minister can commit Parliament; and (3) that the word of the Prime Minister has been passed that only by the "general consent" of the nation will such a request be made to it. In a later speech at the Stock Exchange, in the course of which he called Lord St.

Davids a liar and Lord Ribblesdale a traitor (the latter accusation has been withdrawn), Lord Derby said that recruits must come in "in very much larger numbers" if voluntaryism was to be saved, and that only the tribunals could decide whether a man was "indispensable" to his calling. The eligible man has, of course, a sacred duty to put himself at the disposal of his country, and he must so regard the Derby appeal. But it must clearly be understood that he retains his choice, on his honor and conscience, to say whether this service shall be as a soldier or no. Meanwhile, manufacturers are getting alarmed at the way in which industries are being depleted right and left, and on Tuesday the adjournment of the House will be moved.

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THE Government have been obliged to postpone the introduction of their Registration Bill. It proposed to treat the period of the war as if it did not exist, and by cutting it out, to let the present House of Commons come to the natural end of the five years' term prescribed by the Parliament Act. Obviously, the Unionists in the Cabinet thought this a fair proposal. A General Election is impossible, if only because a great part of the nation is soldiering abroad. Since the Coalition was formed, all party business was suspended, including the Plural Voting Bill. Under the Government's proposal this Bill should simply retain the position it possessed before war broke out. But the Cabinet decision has been broken into by the Unionist rank and file, it is said at Sir Edward Carson's instigation, and there is dead-lock. We think it a great pity that the Unionists should hold to the rich man's plurality of votes, in an hour when rich and poor are meeting death together on equal terms in the trenches. But surely it is not too late to come to an honorable understanding on the suffrage, which (be it well noted) will have to include a Woman's Enfranchisement Bill.

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MR. REDMOND has made some of the best speeches on the war, and his address to his countrymen at Queen's Hall was on the line of these fine, cheerful utterances. He insisted on the spirit of the troops, their optimism, their belief, which he shares, that the Germans are beaten, that we can now throw five shells to their one, that the material, even the spiritual, organization of the Army in the West is splendid (especially that for supplies), and that the whole spectacle of our lines is a thrilling one, compounded of "tragedy and glory." This is the note to strike, in our view the most valuable service that just now any statesman can render. Do not let the rather thankless English folk forget that it is an Irishman who has rendered it.

* * *

ON Monday, Mr. McKenna made an interesting attempt to get the workmen's savings for the service of the war. He proposes to issue bonds in multiples of £1, bearing 5 per cent. interest, and liable to full repayment on demand. The capital is thus secure, but there is to be no interest for the first half-year. After that, if the deposit remains, the owner will get 2½ per cent. for the first year, then 3½ per cent., and in the third year 4 1-6 per cent. A strong committee is to report on the scheme and on the best way of popularizing it.—On Thursday Mr. Long introduced the Government's promised measure for relieving poor tenants of increased war rents. The Bill has, of course, a limited range, for it extends only to London and to urban centres with a population of over 100,000, and to areas where there has been a special scarcity of house-room. The rental limit is that of £30 for London and £21 for the rest of the Kingdom.

In return for what he gives up the landlord is allowed protection against an increase in the interest on his mortgages. But the Bill is not retrospective. It was well received.

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THE new order, reducing to five and a-half hours a day the period during which drink can be sold in the Greater London area, comes into force on Monday next. After that date alcoholic refreshment can only be obtained on licensed premises (which, of course, include clubs as well as public-houses and restaurants) between noon and 2.30 p.m., and between 6.30 and 9.30 p.m. There has been some opposition to this new regulation from organized Labor as well as from the trade. But it is fair to expect that the order will work well in London as elsewhere, though some concession will probably be necessary to meet the case of the night workers. Representatives of the trade unions affected are to lay their views before the Central Control Board to-day (Friday).

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MR. ASHMEAD BARTLETT's long letter to the "Times" on the Dardanelles should be read for its revelation of the risks run by the Fleet (including the "Queen Elizabeth") in the battle of March 18th, and of the still more appalling danger threatened by a third attack, which Lord Fisher's resignation averted. We may add to it a remark or two on another problem of strategy which Mr. Churchill's speech opened out, that of the relief of Antwerp. The defence of Antwerp and the conception of a sweeping movement pivoting upon the fortress was a sound strategical idea, just as the forcing of the Dardanelles was in itself a gleam of insight. If Mr. Churchill had left it at that he might have earned the fame of which his unfortunate explanations deprive him. For, to defend himself against the charge that the relief expedition was too late, he stated that he drew the attention of the Prime Minister to the dangerous situation which was developing at Antwerp on September 6th. Now, at that moment Joffre was about to launch his Marne offensive, which not only relieved Antwerp to some extent, but, if it had been pressed still further, would have completely cleared the whole Belgian situation. Relief expeditions to Antwerp, or even a "stimulating" reinforcement, in such circumstances, were not strategy, but folly. If there were any units still to spare, they should have been sent to press home the Allied offensive further south.

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THE only strategy connected with the Antwerp expedition seems still to be, in spite of Mr. Churchill's attempt to cover it up, that of Lord Kitchener and the French Staff. That the actual relief expedition took so insignificant a shape as two British divisions and the French force, which did not appear till the British were in full retreat, can only be due to misinformation from those who were on the spot. Its tardy appearance was, in part, conditioned, presumably, by Joffre's caution. The Marne movement had hardly reached equilibrium until near the end of the third week in November, and until then Joffre was justified in keeping a tight hand upon his troops in the main area. The other element of delay, apart from our inability to send troops earlier, seems to have been due to the incomplete assimilation of the new conditions of fortress defence. Verdun, with its ampler girdle of defensive lines, still holds out, and Mr. Churchill probably thought that Antwerp was in fact, as in reputation, as invincible as the French fortress. It was a tragic error, crowned by the ill-fated naval expedition and the limelight appearance of Mr. Churchill.

Politics and Affairs.

THE PROGRESS OF ATTRITION.

So strong and irresistible is the vital force within us that we adjust ourselves almost automatically even to the most threatening environment. Compelled to live in alarms and crises, the vast mass of our people has evolved a protective attitude, which holds such reports at arm's length until their true value can be appreciated. The Press which circulates such reports is a domestic enemy. But we have also to arm ourselves spiritually against our friends. The pessimist Press seeks to persuade us that all is lost. Our friends, on the other hand, are such fire-eaters, they have such an unbounded confidence in victory, that they assure us that *all* must be won. We must "grind Germany to powder," our purpose is the "destruction of a nation." We are reminded that this is a war of attrition, and the term is twisted to mean the killing or the placing *hors de combat* of the enemy's soldiers. We are told that in the wars of to-day whole nations fight; and, if we are logical, we are driven back to the formula, "the destruction of a nation" as the true aim of the war. And that seems to open an endless vista of blood and destruction.

Now, it is certain, not only that this is not our aim, but that the war will be over long before the German nation has reached such a stage of depletion. This follows from two considerations. Thus far the Germans have lost about a million by death. This is a terrible figure; but it is not 1.5 per cent. of the German population. An estimate of the German male population between the ages of nineteen and forty-five has been given as thirteen millions. To destroy that would take the Allies some sixteen years. If the destruction were to extend to the whole male population we should want another Thirty Years' War. Even to place Germany *hors de combat* at the present rate of destruction, these radical and limited attritionists would be compelled to look forward to from seven to ten years of furious fighting. Merely to state such positions as these is to expose their unsoundness. For what modern State could wage war on the present level for ten or seven or even five years?

And this question suggests the truer reading of the situation. While it is true that this war is a war of nations, it is equally true that the forces actually engaged in fighting from first to last cannot represent much, if any, more than ten per cent. of the national populations. Never before have nations of such dimensions been given over to war, and since that part of the nation not in the firing-line plays an essential rôle in the conflict, it follows that attrition to-day has no meaning except as applying equally to the rôle of the civil population. This does not mean that the civil population must be killed, or even that all the belligerents must be killed; but that every element of the force of a nation must be reduced. The modern nation at war may be represented by a given number of men, a certain amount of munitions, and an indefinite and variable thing which we call *moral*. The offensive and defensive efficiency of a

nation is a product of the three factors—men, munitions, *moral*—and every element which war involves is in some way reducible to them. Each is indispensable, though men can be dispensed with better than munitions, and munitions better than *moral*. The men are the actual belligerents, trained or trainable, who form, apparently, a fairly fixed proportion of the modern State. The munitions represent that *ensemble* of economic conditions which contribute directly or indirectly to the maintenance of the belligerents in the field, well-fed, cared for, and armed; and the civilian part of the State is almost entirely responsible for this factor. *Moral*, the spirit which establishes the will and steadies the hand that fires, is a complex condition, to which civilian and combatant contribute in varying proportions.

If, as we suggest, each of these three factors is a necessity for the successful prosecution of war, if each is indispensable, then it follows that attrition, as applied to war to-day, regards the wearing down of each one of them. Further, it is clear that the progress of the war is not to be measured by the state of any one of the factors alone. Even *moral* may convey a wrong impression, for it is subject to an ebb and flow which follow no determinable laws, but hang upon a number of elusive things which escape all but the most careful analysis. But we can gain a just insight into the formidableness of an enemy by measuring his reservoir of trained or trainable men and his munitions in hand and procurable. Although we know little of *moral*, we know that it must decrease if it is realized that the available troops are diminishing and the store of munitions is becoming low.

Now, if we examine Germany's condition with regard to the first of these factors we see that attrition has fulfilled its purpose in striking fashion. We know that she must keep four million men in the field, and, of these, three must be of first-rate fighting quality. We, further, know that at this moment she cannot have lost from the various fields of campaign less than three and a-half millions; and, finally, we know that eight millions must be her maximum recruitment. And since the foundations for these calculations may be questioned, we have two supporting considerations for the conclusion to which they lead. That Germany's reserve of able-bodied men must be near the end is clear from the fact that to conduct her Balkan adventure she has sent poor troops, and from the further fact that she is being gradually pushed back on the Russian front, where it is imperative she should hold her own. Another fact which is indisputable is that recent regulations issued to doctors who examine recruits state that a man is only to be considered unfit if his diseases make him incapable of his ordinary civil work. That is a striking fact, and under its application men are being recruited who can never take their place in the firing-line. As the men on garrison duty and at work on communications are already the older and less fit, these new recruits will increase the reserve by reinforcements superior only to themselves.

As to the question of munitions, Germany is now short of metals, rubber, and glycerine. These are all necessary commodities. She has not too much cotton, and is beginning to be anxious about securing more, or some substitute. Cellulose is an absolute necessity for the manufacture of munitions, and though cotton is not

the only source of it, the use of any other form would require new plant. At this moment Colonel Gädke admits that the supplies of munitions are low. Germany's economic condition is such that she can continue the war on its present scale, so far as that alone is concerned, for a formidable period; but she cannot create metal, rubber, glycerine, or cotton. When we come to examine her *moral*, we are met by an extraordinary array of facts which all point to the same conclusion. There is much real distress among the people owing to lack of meat, milk, and fats, and such a state must inevitably react upon the soldiers. We know that the Germans hoped to secure a victory in the summer, and that they hate the idea of another winter campaign. There are outspoken statements in the German papers which would never have appeared last year. They admit that they cannot cope with our submarines. They praise our soldiers. They praise the Russians, and express the fear that they are recovering too quickly. Herr Harden boldly warns his countrymen that Russia and England are only now beginning the war. Another writer says that it is certain that we all desire peace. Yet another, at the end of a vigorous article, hints that when we are willing to make peace and be friendly with them, they too will make their approach to us. It is sometimes said that Germany can refit from the Turkish Empire. This would probably be true if she had a year or two in which to organize, though rubber and cotton cannot be obtained in any quantities. She could also obtain reinforcements if she could have time to train them, and if the Turks would consent to fight in Russia or France, a suggestion which is repudiated by competent authorities as unworthy of consideration.

This, then, seems to be the state of our chief enemy. He is within sight of his last reserves, short of munitions, and irreparably deficient in several necessary constituents for their manufacture, financially bankrupt, short of food, and with a growing weariness of the war, which he feels to be beyond his powers. In other words, he knows—as he ought to have known from the beginning—that the combination of Russia, France, and England is too much for him. How the end will come, it is almost idle to speculate; but it is difficult to think it can be very far off. It is reported that the Kaiser says that he hopes for success from our economic breakdown. This is a warning, but it is also a proof that the end may not, indeed probably will not, come by a series of dramatic victories, though there will doubtless be Allied victories before the end. It will more probably come from a progressive attrition of the enemy in every element of his force.

"YOU BEGIN FIRST!"

EVERYBODY has formally accepted the proposition that a great lowering of expenditure is necessary in order to furnish the Government with the five millions and more it will require to pay its way for every further day the war lasts. But, as is natural, each class realizes very clearly the special difficulties of cutting down its standard of living, and looks to other classes to do the saving. This week, following Mr. McKenna's lead, we

are all looking to the wage-earners to find money out of their bigger incomes by applying all their surplus to the purchase of £1 bonds carrying a deferred interest at 5 per cent. Editors and politicians praise the ingenuity of the scheme, and moralists dwell upon the lesson in thrift it will teach. But, much as we value Mr. McKenna's attempt to make the people realize the gravity of the great subject of expenditure, his plan has two defects. It is hardly likely to fetch much more than a day's cost of the war, and it hides the reality of our financial situation.

Take the first point. Because labor has been scarce and wages rising since recruiting got under way, wildly exaggerated notions have been spread about the prosperity of the working-classes. It is, of course, true that large numbers of workers in the munition trades and in other firms with Government contracts are earning exceptionally high wages, while throughout the staple industries employment has been full and wage rates have shown a considerable rise. It is probable that the working-classes as a whole, their numbers reduced by some two and a-quarter million men enlisted since the war began, are in receipt of a considerably larger total weekly income from all sources than ever before. But it is doubtful whether this aggregate increase enables the workers, as a body, to get command of much, if any, more material wealth. The employers' returns for the textiles and a number of other staple manufactures shows a total increased payment in wages of 24·3 per cent. for an increased number of persons employed amounting to 3·4, as compared with a year ago. The official return of the increase of wages in the last ten months for certain large industries employing 2,800,000 workers is a little over half a million a week. To this must be added a large amount of overtime pay, and consideration must also be taken of rises in the pay of agricultural labor, seamen, railwaymen, police, and Government employees. Indeed, we may fairly assume a general rise for some four-fifths of the national occupations, which may justify us in concluding that, taking into consideration soldiers' allowances, the civil working-class population has an income enlarged to the extent of a hundred millions. But they are not proportionately better off. For since the war, food prices have risen about 42 per cent., and the prices of housing, fuel, and many other necessities of life take off a large proportion of the advance. The stories of weekly incomes twice or three times the normal, and of enlarged expenditure on working-class comforts and luxuries are of selected trades and localities, and do not furnish a fair criterion of the size of the fund available for increased saving. The bulk of the enhanced wages are required to maintain the ordinary standard of living at the raised level of prices.

We do not mean to imply that working-class expenditure does not contain a real margin for thrift. But the thrift-fund is not nearly so great as it bulks in the imagination of middle-class folk, and it cannot be tapped to any large extent by any scheme along the lines of Mr. McKenna's new proposal. For the actual utility and enjoyment got by spending the enlarged money income are far greater for a working-class family than for a well-to-do family, while the difficulty of acquiring a new habit

of investment for a distant and protracted gain is very great. We should therefore be surprised if the advantage of the scheme over the Post Office scheme of last summer was worth more than five millions.

But what is the use of laboring these schemes for catching odd millions when what we want is hundreds of millions? By all means encourage working-class thrift. But let us not use these small measures of working-class saving as a means of evading the real issue. The quantity of national savings has got somehow to be raised from some 400 millions to some 1,200 millions, making all due allowance for extraneous aid from America and elsewhere. Even if, as "The Round Table" suggests in a valuable article in its new issue, our Overseas Dominions can be got to advance us the money to buy the foods and other materials with which they can supply us, the total amount of this financial aid cannot greatly diminish the urgency of this problem of home economy. Now, to the extent of at least four-fifths, probably much more, this is a problem for the middle and upper classes. For, if we except the expenditure on drink, which the Government failed to tackle when they had the chance, there is no large contribution to be got from working-class economy.

A bold attempt to press the reality of the situation is made by Professor Urwick, in a recent lecture at King's College, in which he reminds us that it is not little detached economies that are wanted, but a transformation of our "scheme of life" and the entire social-economic system that supports it, the great life of leisure, luxury, recreation, and waste, which is the parasitic growth upon our modern industrial civilization. "This whole scheme of life and its consequences are now brought face to face with vital realities, and shown to be one of the greatest dangers to the national life in its crisis, to be impossible in fact. We must break it—that is the nation's imperious demand." The Government has not fairly faced this undeniable truth. It has failed to levy taxes adequate to enforce the needed transformation of expenditure. It is not alone to blame. The press has helped to support the notion that we have been fairly meeting our expenses, and can go on enlarging them, while reducing the industry and income required to find the money. If we are to continue this war at anything like the new level of cost, we have got to meet the call for economy in a wholly different spirit from that which prevails to-day. Theoretically, it could be met by the self-imposed sacrifice of a patriotic public working, not through the collective action of its Government, but by voluntary economy. But the experience of the war so far shows that it will not be met this way. No organization of thrift propagandism will do the required work effectively or in time. Any pretence that it will is a mere evasion of the truth. The "scheme of living" of whole classes cannot be broken down suddenly by such appeals. The sole alternative to really adequate taxation is a plan of forced loans, to work continuously through the remaining period of the war, so as to draw in to the public purse a good part of the income of the nation over and above the necessary maintenance fund. That this course will cause hardship among the better-to-do classes cannot be questioned. But individual families do,

from time to time, fall suddenly into much graver plight, and have to accommodate themselves to it. Our nation has got into this plight, and must similarly accommodate itself. But it must take the plunge collectively, and this means a self-denying ordinance, pronounced through the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and enforced by the law. If there is any disposition in the Government to reproach the people for failure to make adequate response to its appeals for thrift, let it remember its own failure to set its house in order. When the Government refuses to make obvious economies in official salaries, it is only natural for persons to whom the duty of economy is preached to reply—"You begin first!"

DIPLOMACY AFTER THE WAR.

IT is one of the consequences of a great war that that part of the world which is not busied in conducting it should feel itself enveloped in a mist of ignorance, a dim vista which its unassisted vision quite fails to penetrate. But this lack of insight speedily gives place to a resentment at its limitations. "To-day," says the excluded mass, which is in fact the people, "we submit to knowing nothing, and only feeling vaguely; to-morrow, when the war is over, things must be different." It is to this view that Mr. Ponsonby gives expression in his little work, "Democracy and Diplomacy" (Allen & Unwin). The author's judgment of the war is not ours, and there are things in his book which seem to us unhappily or too narrowly judged and said. But his main theses cannot be denied. If, as he says, knowledge is the mainspring of power, the British people could, no more than the other belligerent peoples, control the frightfully rapid march of events in the last weeks of July, 1914, and the opening days of August. Nor is this a mere point of fact. The stronger the sense of the justice of our cause, the more unfortunate do we feel it to be that the people as a whole, were not, in its origins, a party to it. For some years before the culminating event of 1914, they were, from a variety of causes, losing touch of foreign affairs. Their political education, such as it was, was almost entirely domestic. The old burning moral issues raised by Gladstone, as the result of his impassioned incursions into foreign affairs, as well as the party divisions on Eastern policy which grew out of them, had disappeared. Our political institutions took a turn unfavorable to a real intervention of democracy in Imperial policy. The upper and middle classes, who had at least given some casual thought to it, lost control of the electorate. The workmen, who succeeded them, were absorbed in the battle for bread; their leaders were, in the main, trade unionists of the island type. Women, who might have stood for a definite breach with tradition, were excluded. Thus Parliament was relieved from the pressure of outside curiosity about foreign affairs. But it also found itself unable to resist the superior knowledge of the Executive. The Foreign Secretary, overwhelmed with work, withdrew himself more and more from its censure. Our statesmen were rarely apt at generalization. They had

slipped out of the habit of telling the country where it was going, and this reticence grew as the path became more entangled with Continental relationships, and therefore more perilous. We do not think that any of our statesmen would dispute this statement of the loss of Parliamentary control over our relations with external Powers. In their evidence before the Select Committee on Procedure the Prime Minister and the Speaker of the House of Commons both admitted it. In this respect the democratic power was paralyzed. Only a part of the body worked; and when we see the ruin around us, we have a right to remember that, all over Europe, Governmental rather than national forces were originally responsible for it. In Germany, no doubt the suggestive power of the central Government had worked on the popular mind till it had largely become a ready instrument for registering the bureaucratic passion for supremacy. But, with the exception of Germany, the peoples of Europe were largely withdrawn from the knowledge of foreign affairs or definite thinking about them.

Now, whatever be the panorama of the war, the dullest imagination can realize that the after-war scene will be vitally changed. "When we dead awaken," it will be to a desolate world, but one pregnant with new activities of the soul. In that new environment statesmen at least will not then cling to power and to the responsibilities that power brings; they will be eager to share them. Can we imagine that the popular demand for more light on foreign affairs will then lack urgency? The difficulty will be to give it meaning and direction. What, then, is the real need? We agree with Mr. Ponsonby that it lies in a system of popular control through the representative organ. This is something more vital and less sensational than a demand that a Foreign Secretary should, at a given moment, "place his cards on the table." It is the general character of the game of which the country—all countries—are quite incredibly ignorant. Mr. Ponsonby makes some specific proposals designed to remedy the existing absence of Parliamentary control. The present practice is for the Foreign Secretary once or twice in a Session, or merely on the Foreign Office Vote, to enlighten the House of Commons on a few unrelated points of detail. For such a casual *résumé* Mr. Ponsonby would substitute a deliberate statement of general policy made as a matter of regular procedure. To this right of general knowledge, he would add some specific powers, all of which are conceded in some foreign Constitutions, notably in the United States, with a more or less trained and efficient body, such as a Committee on Foreign Affairs, to watch their working. He would give Parliament the right of sanctioning a treaty, of giving its consent to alliances or commitments other than treaties with foreign Powers, and of assenting to a declaration of war.

Now all these powers are valuable, but it is possible to conceive a nation as possessing them, and yet, on account of indolence or ignorance, or mere excitement and passion due to bad counsel from the popular press, lacking the force to embody them in a policy of peace. For that again, as we have said, we must look partly to the change of heart and mind and fortune which the mere desolation of

the present war must carry with it, and partly to a change of institutions. We have done with dynastic quarrels; no king can now make a war. Purely vindictive, arrogant nationalism has received a lesson which even Germany can learn. And this ought to be the last war for mere dominion, for it is obvious that no dominion of a single European Power is now possible. The ground is thus clear for a new order, a new relationship between the thoughts of the mass and the deeds of their rulers. When the peoples can grasp the notion that the business of modern government is not of officials with officials but of men and women with men and women, and that they can transact it in every other way save by killing each other, the vision of what truly associated effort can accomplish will become more and more real to them. But vision comes to knowledge as well as to insight.

Some measure of secrecy in dealings between Governments, as between men, there must always be. But Executives will soon discover that they will not again be trusted as they have been trusted. Their constituents will want time to examine, not only their acts, but the general tendencies of their policy. If these objects cannot be determined under party systems, party will have to go; and the general aim of politics will rather be to get the noblest, calmest minds into Parliaments and Governments, and when they are there, to fortify them with as much intelligent curiosity and moral force as the nation at large can bring to the government of the State. Nothing perfect can come out of humanity. But if common humanity will go to school and learn, and, having educated itself, educate its masters, it ought at least to envisage the beginning of the end of war.

THE ARMING OF AMERICA.

We used to think of the little neutral peoples of Europe as her vestal virgins, inviolate and inviolable, while all around them must arm against lawless force. When the fate of Belgium dispelled that illusion, it was still a consolation to think that across the Atlantic eighty millions of civilized men preserved a disdainful security and cherished a fearless pacifism, while our world was riven by strife. Since President Wilson talked to the Manhattan Club about "preparedness," that illusion, too, is gone. If it is not the greatest tragedy of this war it is perhaps the most startling measure of the whole decline of our civilization. We are under the wave, so deep beneath it that we can hardly see our case, but we can measure its violence by its back-wash upon that distant shore. We have told ourselves that this must be the last of wars; consoled ourselves with the phrase "a war to end war"; and listened to perorations from statesmen as sober as Mr. Asquith and M. Viviani about the ending of the struggle for a balance of power and the creation of a permanent concert. The American comment on it all is a resolve to arm, as their continent never has armed since the Civil War. This resolve, moreover, is proclaimed, not by a primitive, muscular man like Colonel Roosevelt, but by the grave intellectual, the diplomatist of infinite patience, who said that there is such

a thing as being too proud to fight. We were all amused by the crass Prussian frankness of that German attaché who wrote about "these idiotic Yankees," and we could guess what he meant. He was characterizing the ardent, youthful idealism of the Middle West, which sincerely believes that the world is governed by reason and moral force—a naïve attitude, but precisely the spirit which will one day restore peace on earth, if restored it can be. It seems as if even this idealism, so happily inexperienced, so fortunately alien from our own Continent, had been submerged at last by facts. The capitulation, moreover, is by no means half-hearted. Dr. Wilson, after passing lightly over an increase in the Navy which will make it beyond challenge the second in the world, and touching briefly on an increase in the little professional army of the Republic, went on to sketch the creation of a new national citizen militia, to be raised by annual contingents of 133,000 men, which will number in three years a round 400,000 men, and after six years will have an equal number in the reserve. Nor is this all. There is to be an expansion of the munitions industry, a storing up of armaments in readiness, and such arrangements for the rapid mobilization of industry as our own experience has shown to be necessary.

The full reports of Dr. Wilson's speech have now reached us, and a careful reading discovers in it no other meaning but this. Americans have wakened to the perception that they live in a dangerous world. It is a vague feeling, and we doubt if analysis would reduce it to anything more definite. This enterprising author or the other may fit a body to the shapeless fear. One sees the German, another the British, a third the Japanese peril, while a fourth will compound a many-headed monster, and predict a European coalition. This is the froth of journalism. What Americans fear is simply militarism in the abstract, and they propose to meet it in the old conventional way by arming. There were the usual disclaimers in the President's speech, and his own fine record gives them a sincerity which such disclaimers can rarely boast. He repudiated Imperialism and all its works. He went so far that Mr. Bryan and his friends are already asking what on earth the President can want an army for. One does not need it for "watchful waiting" nor for argumentative Notes. It is not for conquest. Nor is it the "big stick" with which Mr. Roosevelt would equip the Republic to enforce its moral principles. On the contrary, we are told that "the principles we hold most dear can be achieved by the slow processes of history, only in the kindly and wholesome atmosphere of peace, and not by the use of hostile force." Why, then, accumulate force? The answer is, of course, that it is needed for defence. "Force everywhere speaks out with a loud and imperious voice," and "men are asking one another what our own force is, how far we are prepared to maintain ourselves against any interference with our national action or development."

We doubt whether the mass of the American public will trouble to analyze this vague fear much further. The real question which an instructed pacifist would press would be perhaps: "What is it that you mean to defend?" Of all the "masked words" in current political speech, defence wears the most subtle disguise. Even a little nation, if it knows how to be a good neigh-

bor, is rarely attacked for the sake of its territory, unless, indeed, like Belgium, it is caught in the vortex of some greater conflict. A powerful and isolated community like the States seems secure, even to-day, so long as it leads its own manifold life within its own ample borders. If it is ever attacked it will be because it is defending some principle of larger scope than its own independence and integrity. With such principles, the traditional diplomacy of the Republic is rather heavily weighted. There is, first of all, the Monroe Doctrine, and that doctrine grows. Dr. Wilson, himself the most pacific and the least Imperialist of Presidents, has given it an immense extension. He has used language which seemed to veto, not merely the dynastic aims and the political action of European Powers on the American Continent, but the acquisition by them of economic concessions in Latin America. That is a large claim, and it seems questionable whether European capital can be excluded for all time from a share in the immense opportunities of South America, unless the States themselves forestall it by an active policy of development. That, in its turn, could, with difficulty, be prevented from following in the weaker Latin States the usual evolution from economic penetration to political control. It has required all the cold distinction of Dr. Wilson's temperament to avoid active interference in Mexico. Nine men in ten would have intervened where he has "waited"; even he did not quite avoid some intervention, and it is only the preoccupation of Europe which has enabled him to hold so steadily aloof. That is the first commitment which the States have to defend. It is a monopoly, which is now economic as well as political, and as the "places in the sun" are gradually parcelled out, it must come to some European Powers to seem increasingly invidious and irksome. The race-line drawn against the Japanese is another very questionable principle, which may require defence. The "open door" in China, where Japan's claims to hegemony are becoming more open and pronounced, is another American principle in jeopardy.

The choice before the States is, in fact, something much more definite than the vague plea for defensive force which Dr. Wilson puts forward. The new American militia, with all the costly paraphernalia of "preparedness" behind it, will never be required simply to defend the coasts of New England as the Swiss militia defends the passes of the Alps. If that were the issue, "preparedness" would be panic and waste. The question is rather whether the States shall keep their place as a World-Power with a World-Policy, unaggressive indeed, but sharply defined against some possible claims by other Powers, or whether they shall live their life self-contained within their own half-Continent. The debate is eager and impassioned, but it has not yet faced this issue. Bryanism clings to its moral maxims, but it does not in its utmost fervors and exaltations propose to drop the Monroe Doctrine, or to abate one item in its charter of the seas. Intellectually this attitude is less capable and less candid than that of our own historic Manchester tradition. The Manchester Radical opposed armaments, but he followed his own logic, and forbade all policies which could be pushed only by armaments. Dr. Wilson

on his part asks for the armaments; but he discloses, as Mr. Bryan points out, no adequate reason to show that they are required. The reasons are there, ample, cogent, and evident, but the advocates of "preparedness" no more avow them than its opponents repudiate them. This is an inchoate phase of argument, and as the discussion proceeds, the American public may grip the real issue with more decision. For the moment its reaction against the spectacle of our confused strife is simple and instinctive. It wants force, because it sees force, dominant, uncontrollable, menacing. Our struggle has forced America to arm, as it has forced most of the European neutrals to mobilize. This unwelcome consequence of our war conveys its lesson. Unless by some common impulse of wisdom we can close this chapter with a common repudiation of force, as dramatic, as arresting, as the object-lesson of the war itself, we must expect that for many a year and a decade "preparedness" will be the only moral which any actor or spectator will dare to draw from our tragedy.

CONSCRIPTION—A WARNING.

We hope that the promoters of conscription, inside or outside the Government, will understand that its opponents, inside or outside Parliament, have no share whatever in the conditional approach to it for which Lord Derby has made himself responsible. That approach is his own. The opposition to conscription has always rested, and will rest to the end, on three main considerations. The first is that it is a grave step backwards from free democracy to autocratic militarism, for it formally deprives the people of their liberty of mind and will—their power to decide the justice or the injustice of a war. The second is that it makes a formidable, and, maybe, an irreparable, breach in the existing unity of the nation. The workman can never assent to conscription, for he will view it as an instrument for making strikes impossible, and will at once advance his alternative of a conscription of wealth. The third is that it cannot, in the very crisis of a great war, be grafted on to the voluntary system on which the large majority of the armies are recruited, and that therefore it is no help but a hindrance to the winning of that war.

All these considerations remain. In face of them the opposition, and the 200 members of Parliament who sustain it, have entirely rejected the proposition that this grave political and national issue can be reduced to the trivial point of whether Lord Derby will or will not enlist an unspecified number of a single class on which heavy drafts have already been made. No question of the gravity of conscription can be decided on the results of a single experiment of a few days' duration. We do not doubt that the Derby scheme will be successful, and we strongly hope that it will. But in any case, the idea of conscripting the remnant of the unmarried of military age, and exempting the married, would be quite impracticable. It would be revolting to the heads of the Army, for it would either be necessary to attach the conscripted "slackers" to special battalions under an obvious mark of dishonor, or to draft them into

the "free" battalions, only for these leavings to be the scorn of their brother soldiers. It would give rise to many personal injustices, such as the escape of well-to-do married men without children as against the enrolment of poor unmarried men supporting a parent. No such unequal plan of conscription has ever been drafted or ever could be drafted. Therefore the whole odium and peril of conscription—the division of the nation into two camps, the risk of strikes arising from hard cases, or from resistance to enlistment, or from the imprisonment of conscientious objectors, the grave dilemma of the Irish situation, which only a witless statesmanship would raise—would be invoked for the sake of an obviously unfair and partial plan, yielding ridiculously small results. For these reasons, the anti-conscriptionists will absolutely refuse to waive the Prime Minister's condition of "general consent" to any measure of forced service, and will indeed regard it as specially applicable to the form of it which the Derby correspondence suggests. The Derby scheme has already stretched moral compulsion to its utmost limit. Lord Lansdowne's scheme of eliminating workers "indispensable" to the national upkeep by the system of "starred" classes has been thrown overboard, and the whole body of unenlisted men within the age limits are called on to report themselves to the local tribunals, and, either in their persons or in those of their employers, to defend their exemption from service. Free personal choice does, of course, exist. But it is being driven into a narrow corner, while the weight of our contribution to the war is being shifted from what the Duke of Marlborough called a mixed reliance on man-power and money-power to an ever heavier draft on man-power of a single type, and that not the type with which the genius of our people is most naturally allied.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

WHAT shall we say of the present form of the continual indirect movement which Germany is making towards peace? Probably its most considerable centre is that which von Bülow organizes from Switzerland. The organ of its choice is obviously the Vatican. And it is quite possible that Germany may think it wise to furnish her friends at Rome with some such substantive suggestion as (for example) a voluntary evacuation of Belgium and the occupied zone in France. This is something, let us say, though not much. It is the good faith of the whole *démarche* which is so much in question. The dominant force at the Roman Curia is pro-German, or more pronouncedly pro-Austrian, so much so that it is not possible for Cardinal Mercier to join the approaching counsels. Nor is Rome in a position which gives her a real power of intervening in a great European quarrel, in which, for many reasons, she stands in a much colder relationship to one of the contending parties than to the other. France—England—Russia—Italy, one has only to name these Powers in order to feel that a semi-Germanized Papacy is not the a fit arbiter for them.

FRIENDS of conscription spread the idea that the opposition to it is dying down; for what reason I cannot divine. Some of this opposition is concealed, but it will spring to light the moment the thing it hates and dreads is revealed. Lord Derby has, indeed, stretched his powers to the utmost, so much so that it seems almost plausible to argue that we have conscription in deed, though not in name. But this is not a true reading. Freedom of conscience and will—the great central point of voluntaryism—remains; the pressure is economic, personal, often crude and unfair, but still moral. The bridge is only crossed when Parliament steps in with its decree. But what barriers have to be crossed! The Cabinet opposition remains unchanged and firm, and the Government could not emerge from the drafting of a Conscription Bill, however small, without crippling loss. But how can you change the Constitution for the sake of sweeping up the leavings of half-a-dozen voluntary appeals? What would you do with them when you had got them? As for the House of Commons, the great body of Liberal members remain, I am assured, in resolute opposition. Feeling, indeed, is more consolidated than ever. This is partly due to the way in which so many businesses have already been crippled by shortage of labor and the consequent fear of financial disaster. But the main resistance in the House is founded on principle, and on a clear realization of the consequences of enforcing conscription. These members are well organized, and are ready for whatever Parliamentary situation may arise.

I AM afraid there has been some cynical chuckling at the recent fall of the House of Lords from grace. At all events, the bad boys of the Commons have made no secret of their glee—the glee of the scapegrace apprentice over the backsliding of his model brother. In justice to the Lords, it should be remembered that they have never quite deserved the imputations of priggishness from which they have had to suffer through the sycophancy of their press laureates, some of whom, no doubt, are simply out to discredit the other House by any and every means, while others are merely wrong-headed or shallow in their ideas of praise. Oddly enough, it is the latter section who have been calling most loudly for the suppression of their former idol, even going so far, in some instances, as to hint that it might be well if a "competent military authority" were to break in on the padded dementia of the crimson benches. I hope this sad experience will not be lost—that it will teach the Peers the precise value of a certain kind of laudation and detraction. If so, we may expect that when next the incense-tubes are turned on from what Lord Crewe calls the "emporium" of Fleet Street and Printing House Square, the noble victims will hasten to adjust their gas-masks and keep them firmly fixed.

WHY is it that one cannot praise and blame in measure? Lord St. Davids, having a case for criticizing some (already reformed) features of army life at headquarters, turns his speech into an indictment of the behavior of the General Staff—as hard-working and

blameless a body as ever existed. If he had asked some pertinent questions as to the conduct of the later stages of the Battles of Loos and Neuve Chapelle, we might have had an enlightening debate upon them. As it is, all the criticism goes astray, the vision of a Quakers' meeting is promptly opposed to that of a carnival, and a convention of young Moltkes set up to cover the image of an assembly of Doomshire Duffers. The Press rings with the scandal, and Lord Derby butts in, with his accustomed tactfulness. Or Lord Ribblesdale commits an indiscretion. The Censor—asleep when he should be awake, awake when he should be sleeping (or pretending to sleep)—lets it pass. The result is to show ourselves a hundred times weaker, more fidgety, more unrestrained than we are. Oh, great, foolish nation! Oh, little, over-wise rulers of it!

I SHOULD place high in the rank of modern reminiscences the gatherings which Mr. Richard Whiteing has collected under the name of "My Harvest." It is eminently the harvest, not exactly of a quiet, but of a sensitive, delicately cultured, and essentially full mind, leaning now to literature, now to journalism, and always retaining its sense of style and refinement of feeling. Mr. Whiteing's own journalism has been, perhaps, a little more in the background than it ought to have been; but I can recollect the time, in the years when the "Daily News" was the best-written paper in England, when it used to be a pleasure of mine to decide whether a certain article was written by Lang or by Whiteing, and to conclude that the work of the latter had always a discernible beauty of expression.

THIS charm appears in the sketches of the "Daily News" group of that day—Justin McCarthy, Black, Robinson, E. D. J. Wilson—and most of all, perhaps, in the reminiscences of Paris, which, without delicacy, nobody can describe at all. I was amused, too, at the lighter touches in the book, such as the description of Dr. Evans, the Court-dentist to the Napoleons, as a man whose illustrious patients necessarily "opened their mouths freely to him," and of an attempt to draw Disraeli into an interview at Hughenden, rebuffed by an invitation to "see the peacocks," and turned into a victory with the quiet Disraelian quip that peacocks were not talking birds. In revenge, Mr. Whiteing reports a quite successful interview with Gladstone. I always thought that only one such feat of arms was on record. I count myself among the defeated. But though I left my shield on the field of battle, I have always consoled myself with the thought that I carried off with me a rich Gladstonianism as my *spolia opima*.

THE House of Commons' presentation to Miss Asquith on her marriage is a tribute to a brilliant personality as well as to the daughter of the most distinguished member of Parliament. Miss Asquith's gifts of mind and speech are not at all like the Prime Minister's. But they bear the family hall-mark of ease and finish.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

LIFE BETWEEN THE LINES.

To every mind the thought must come with a new shock from time to time that while the ordinary life of the community is going on with its regular routine of work and play, occupation and leisure, a larger proportion of the population of Europe is living amid all the agonies of pain and privation than at any time since the Black Death. We talk of the Russian Front, the Western Front, the Italian Front, Gallipoli, or the Balkans, thinking of the play and turns of fortune, the chances of breaking the line here or there, the effect of local successes or failures on the general schemes of the combatants, and we put out of sight the portentous human realities that lie behind our phrases and our formulas. This is partly an instinct of self-preservation. Men and women feel that their reason would snap if their minds dwelt on scenes of such immeasurable horror, for that which saves the reason in the presence of calamity is the sense of rescuing power, and here no such power exists. But when we read of full houses in the theatres, of Guildhall Banquets with no single luxury omitted, of the great demand for cheap jewellery, we realize that there is something more than this in the state of mind that insists on life as usual at home. The skin has grown hardened over the first wounds to our pity.

Of all the fighting that is raging throughout Europe at this moment, probably the most horrible is the fighting on the Western Front. There science and organization have done more than anywhere else to check the dreaded diseases of war, those diseases that used to carry off three men for every man lost in battle or by wounds. The armies there escape the climate of Gallipoli, and the Russian wolves prowling among the wounded of the battlefield, and the incessant savagery of the quarrels of the Balkans. Yet, taken at its best, the life of the soldiers on the Western Front is so terrible that men who have been through it scarcely speak of it on their return. It is like the Indian Mutiny, a memory that no man lightly calls from the cell in which he has tried to shut it down. Some writers have tried to give a picture of it; none perhaps more successfully than Mr. Boyd Cable, whose book, "Between the Lines" (Smith, Elder), describes in a series of vivid sketches the kind of operation that is put into cold phrases in the official report. His book brings out with great power what is perhaps the most terrible aspect of modern war. There were compensations for the ferocity of the old hand-to-hand fighting; there are compensations for the kind of fighting in which men are killed and wounded by invisible enemies at great distances. But in modern war we have what is worst in both. For the great guns hurling their shrieking and torturing shells four or five miles against some place identified on the map are working with one object, and that object is the expulsion of an enemy from his trenches by the most brutal and abhorrent of all hand-to-hand warfare. The guns make way for the bayonet. When they have done enough destruction, the infantry can advance; if they have done less destruction than they were meant to do, the infantry will be driven back, and the trenches will change hands perhaps a dozen times. All the noise and energy and power of these hundreds of batteries that fling their shrapnel and their lyddite over the landscape out of sight are directed at the moment when the attack is to be pushed home with bayonet and hand grenade.

How closely the two kinds of slaughter work together

Mr. Boyd Cable shows in his first sketch on the "Advanced Trenches" and his chapter on "Artillery Support." "Then before the gasping takers of the trench could clear the dead and wounded from under their feet, before they could refill their empty magazines, or settle themselves to new footholds and elbow rests, the British counter-attack was launched. It was ushered in by a shattering burst of shrapnel. The word had passed to the gunners, careful and minute adjustments had been made, the muzzles had swung round a fraction, and then, suddenly, and quick as the men could fling in a round, slam the breech, and pull the firing lever, shell after shell had kept roaring on their way to sweep the trench that had been British but now was enemy. For ten or fifteen seconds the shrapnel hailed fiercely on the cowering trench; then, at another word down the telephone, the fire shut off abruptly, to reopen almost immediately further forward over the main German trenches." Thus incessantly do the two kinds of fighting go on. An observing officer sends his telephone message and summons hell from somewhere out of sight to this or that line of trenches; in front of him is the pandemonium of close fighting; "the fighters snarled and worried and scuffled and clutched and tore at each other more like savage brutes than men. The defence was not broken or driven out, it was killed out; and lunging bayonet or smashing butt caught and finished the few that tried to struggle and claw a way out up the slippery trench sides."

It is this that gives such an atmosphere of eternity to this warfare. Visible victory may be turned into defeat by the enemy that is unseen, the gunner five miles away or the sapper underground. In modern warfare the pitched battles that ended with sunset are unknown. The gunner can get his aiming point by night as well as by day; mining or counter-mining, bomb-throwing and grenade fighting, they belong as much to the darkness as to the light. In the days when there is nothing to report or all is quiet on the front, more men are killed and wounded in the minor fighting that proceeds in the trenches than those killed and wounded in many of the great battles of history. For this kind of destruction means that every day all the most horrible accidents that we can think of, the horrors of the worst kind of colliery disaster, for example, are happening at a score of places along the line. Science has added all these new atrocities without removing the old, and it has made of modern warfare a system of interminable suffering. It is indeed the appreciation of its intolerable horrors that has steeled the Allies to the agonies that are necessary to prevent its recurrence.

Mr. Boyd Cable says a good many bitter things about strikers, and their apparent indifference to all that the soldiers have to endure. It is easy to understand the exasperation of any man who sees this kind of life all round him with any conduct that seems to forget this appalling world of death and ruin. Mr. Boyd Cable is evidently not too well informed on this particular subject, for he makes an attack on a Labor leader who has been the most energetic supporter of the war. He should read, too, the report of the Chief Inspector of Factories, with his tribute to the dogged spirit of workers inspired by an ideal. But Mr. Boyd Cable's bitter reflections come home to us all. If these vivid pictures were realized by the countrymen of the soldiers at the front, could we have Ministers thinking of their reputations before the country's safety, or politicians using language that may imperil the existence of whole armies, or Governments trifling for months with such questions as the manufacture of munitions, or newspapers energetically dissuading neutrals from the belief that the Allies can

win the war? May we not go further? If we at home could really enter into the misery of the trenches, would we not long ago have demanded that the nation should alter its manner of living, and pay to the heroism of its soldiers the tribute of a life not quite as usual?

THE SHORTAGE OF DOCTORS.

ONE of the most essential elements of human progress must be a more intelligent campaign against disease and death. At present both ends of the field of life stand under the imminent threat of invasion, and are crossed only under sufferance. But, the lower stretches passed, the individual may reasonably hope for a fair journey across the middle area, whereas the higher reaches merge inevitably at one point into a field where death is in constant effective occupation. Civilization, with its development of medical and surgical science, has reconquered a small but increasing plot of ground from the enemy, and, at the same time, has perfected its defences against invasion in the lower and, indeed, in all reaches of life. It is in this way that progress must come. There is no doubt that medical science will discover new and more efficient methods of attacking disease, but it cannot be questioned that prophylaxis offers the most fruitful and far-reaching means of deepening a more firmly established human life in the individual.

It rings a little oddly, this discussion of the preservation of life while death is being sown broadcast amongst the healthiest members of the race; but apart from the fact that it is in any case wise to take thought for the morrow, the matter is forced upon our attention by the threat of a serious shortage of doctors. Last year, students who would have begun their period of training for a medical career were encouraged to enlist. This, by checking the stream at its source, deprived the profession of that constant and normal reinforcement which is necessary to make up for the natural wastage of death. There would thus have been in any case a shortage of doctors, significant if not serious, if war had not been at work thinning the ranks of qualified medical men who otherwise would probably have lived many years. But a recent decision has made the case worse. Medical students of the first three years are now to be encouraged to enlist, and the medical profession is thus faced with the prospect of losing its normal recruitment for five years, in addition to the abnormal wastage of qualified practitioners from death on active service. Nor does this represent the full extent of the injury the medical profession, and with it the nation, will suffer from the war. The Medical Graduates' College, where general practitioners were able to take special courses in various branches of their profession under eminent specialists, has been closed, and the health of those who depend upon the service of doctors in general practice must suffer to that extent. The College was performing an excellent work, which must be lost for some years. In face of this extraordinary state of things it is probable that the General Medical Council will be compelled to initiate some emergency measures, and this affords it a chance of reconsidering its whole scheme of medical education.

The object of the Medical Act of 1886 was to enable persons requiring medical aid to distinguish "qualified from unqualified practitioners," and the Council achieved this by establishing a register of those holding diplomas from one or more of the various licensing bodies. A student, indeed, who had gained a diploma could only be regarded as "qualified" in a restricted sense. Many qualified practitioners have to call in a consultant

when anything beyond the simpler conditions is detected. But the Council early began to demand a certain level of general knowledge from the student before inscribing his name upon the register of students. They were content with less than the French, who demand that the student shall have obtained the diplomas of *Bachelier ès lettres* and *Bachelier ès sciences*. But they required and still require that the student shall have passed an examination in Latin and either Greek or a modern language. London University will accept a Matriculation which includes Latin without an additional language; but the General Medical Council insists upon its two languages despite the fact that not 10 per cent. of medical men know any language but their own. The only escape is to take the longer course for a medical degree at a University which will probably be more elastic about its entrance examination. Thus, on the threshold of a medical career, the Council forbids a student to enter for the diplomas of the Royal Colleges unless he has a form of general education which, as it is pursued in this country, consists largely in knowing the elementary grammar of two languages.

The next step of the Council, having to insist upon a competent knowledge of twelve subjects, all to be obtained in five years, is to curtail the period to be devoted to these necessary studies by adding three other subjects, which occupy the best part of a year. It insists upon the study of physics, chemistry, and biology. Part I. of the first examination deals with these subjects, and unless a student has secured a University degree in which the subjects were taken, he or she must waste two terms and then undergo examination in a smattering of knowledge which the practitioner is apt to cast into the limbo of the useless. An ordinary medical man does his chemistry and physics by rote. This liquid poured into that tube, producing a blue color when warmed, shows the presence of diabetes. A student of mature age who did not remain at a University long enough to take a degree, but still reached in chemistry, physics, and biology a standard far higher than that required by the Council, will be required to attend lectures in the rudiments of these subjects, and then enter for an examination, when he may fail through one of the latent surprises which always lurk in chemical analysis. Clearly, such a case is exceptional; but the point is that the body which regulates the education of doctors will not admit that a man is educated unless he can pass an examination in what is usually forgotten of two languages, and will not allow him to begin the study of subjects necessary to a medical man unless he can at the moment pass an elementary examination in the comparatively small facts he may have years ago forgotten of subjects he will never need.

Without raising the issue of the whole examinational system, may we not say that this outlook is somewhat limited? Should there not be a discretionary power by which a man of general education, who has at some time acquired an adequate knowledge of physics, chemistry, and biology, can be excused Part I. of the first examination and be permitted to enter on his course of study with anatomy and physiology? This would seem to be the more advisable, inasmuch as there is one subject the Council is content to ignore which is becoming more necessary now that functional ailments are being treated by suggestion. It has never thought to insist upon a knowledge of psychology; and if the subject appeared in the curriculum it would probably result in a student being required to learn by heart the definitions of consciousness, attention, and so on; but no more. The question bristles with difficulties. This is not the time to

stem still more the stream of qualified practitioners who yearly enter general practice. Indeed, it is almost certain that unless the Government policy with regard to recruiting medical students is modified, the General Medical Council will have to relax the requirements for the granting of medical diplomas. This could be done by admitting as medical students, without any examination, candidates with sufficient general education to the study and examination in the purely professional subjects. But if the Council would set its house in order would it not be better somewhat to raise the age for beginning the medical curriculum? It is now sixteen. If it were raised a year or so, and a degree in arts, or at least a sufficiently good standard of general education, were required, the medical profession would be recruited by a more serious class of student. At present the medical student is more lighthearted than any other student. He takes his work lightly, is pushed through most of his examinations, and emerges, a rather dangerous and explosive compound, at about the age of twenty-two or twenty-three, with full power to sign a death certificate. Many qualified doctors, it must be admitted, serve some time in hospital after qualification. But they are not forced to do so, and in fact many of them do not pursue any post-graduate study. Some real acquaintance with psychology could be acquired if it were fixed as one of the subjects in which the student graduated. Physics, chemistry, and biology could be relegated to the school-leaving or matriculation examination, and the student, entering on his course of professional study a little older, and with a stronger anchor in general education, would gain more from the courses he is compelled to attend. For the moment, could not the Council waive its first examination, except the necessary pharmacy, and by a slight change of curriculum and regulations so arrange that its third-year students could finish their course in one of the smaller hospitals, where they could at once liberate a house surgeon?

And any change in the education of doctors must visualize some check after the beginning of practice. It would probably be a good measure to allow no one to take up practice as a consultant without passing a further examination. We must, of course, avoid the danger of too much supervision and interference with the development of the natural genius of individuals. But it is possible to contemplate the institution of a further qualification for general practitioners, for which they should enter in the very early years of practice, which should institute a thorough, though broad, inquiry into the actual conduct and results of the candidates' work.

ON REVIEWING.

For a reviewer to write about reviewing is surely to remind him of the serpent who, in seventeenth-century printers' marks, is to be observed, in a paroxysm of despair, devouring his own tail. The last thing that the reviewer desires is to turn the inward eye upon the conditions of his trade. How he will dwindle in his own esteem! What a pitiful, shrunken parasite he will appear! Coleridge, who compared the activities of reviewers to those of maggots, inferior to bookworms, living on the delicious brains of genius, he will declare is too tolerant of him. For, nowadays, he battens, not on masterpieces but their reverse—not on Grays, Godwins, Goldsmiths, and Golden Treasures, but Garvices. If he have the courage of his career and regard criticism as an honorable pursuit in training, knowledge, and artistic judgment, rather than, as the

layman regards it, as a refuge from responsibility and hard work, he will watch the over-production of indifferent fiction with a covetous rather than a censorious eye. Where others more fortunate than he dream of cakes and champagne, he will build stately pleasure-domes of comfort in terms of inflated waste-paper baskets. The more rubbish for the public, says he, the more stout and kippers for me!

Now, we are not so much concerned in this article with the causes of the decay of criticism as with suggestions for its possible recovery. But, as the one is the complement of the other, we must, to some extent, interpret our complaint. What, in a word, is the matter with modern criticism? Well, the matter with criticism corresponds with what is the matter with the intelligence of the reading public and the vested interests that control that public. The *function* of the critic has, by almost insensible degrees, suffered a radical change. The growth of ephemeral journalism, the encroachment of the advertising upon the literary column, the turbulence and distraction of modern life, the lack of leisure incidental to a modern industrial community, the supremacy of commercial values and the advantages afforded to self-interested physicians of the public's intellectual health to reap their own rather than the common benefit, the triumph of a crudely attractive brevity without thought in letters over the more elaborate gymnastic of the mind, which was the pride of an older generation, and (most important of all) the loss of a criterion of values, have seriously affected the mentality of reading people. The decline of criticism, in short, is correlative with the decline of interest in the things of the mind. A new definition must be found for the new attitude of the critic to his public, and of his public to him. For, like any other commodity, he has lost his independence of action; he has become subject to an inexorable law of supply and demand. His judiciary powers, his privileges of acting in the capacity of a detached and impartial tribunal towards the publication of books, have been shorn away. A kind of insidious negation has spread like a frost over the mental consciousness of the public, and it is the business of the critic, not to thwart that influence, but to expedite and encourage it. He is no longer in the position of a magistrate of letters, of a Platonic guardian or overseer appointed, so to speak, to protect the intellectual interests of the public, but rather of a middleman, whose office it is to recommend the goods that come to his hand, whatever their quality, to display their features satisfactorily, and to pass them smoothly on to their destination.

So true it is that in the terrain of literature it is not the demand that creates the supply, but the supply that creates the demand, and the purveyor of literary goods merely emphasizes the futility of his customers and the reaction of their futility upon him, by adopting the principle of number rather than of selection. And in such a vicious circle, what is the critic but a spoke within the wheel? Can anyone therefore wonder that the modern critic has been deprived of his ancient status and distinction in literature; that his loss in dignity has corresponded with his being the worst-paid of all the professions, and that the good-humored and nearly justifiable contempt in which he is commonly held has resulted in the prevailing opinion that the man who has taken to criticism is the man who has failed to make a creditable living in every other job?

We cannot illuminate our point better than by referring to an extremely able article on reviewing written some while ago in a well-known quarterly. The interest and relevance of the article are that it is an

intellectual apology for that change of attitude and function which, in recent years, has thrown the critic out of his seat of authority. At the very source of his argument the writer makes a highly significant differentiation between criticism and book-reviewing. The office of the reviewer, he says, is somewhere between the office of the critic and that of the reporter. The critic he leaves undebated, and proceeds to define the qualities and attributes of this hybrid animal—the reviewer. And, mark you, the reviewer not as he is, but as he ought to be. The reviewer then (for the time being we will put the critic out of court) must in the first place remember his duty to his author. That duty is to give, not an opinion, but a portrait of the book in question. "One has no right as a reviewer to judge a book by any standard save that at which the author is aiming." Even with a book that offends every canon of art and taste, the master of the ceremonies who is to introduce it to the public must "discover its quality" rather than "keep announcing that the quality does not appeal to him." If the book be admittedly shoddy, still the reviewer must make it clear whether it is "the kind of shoddy that serves its purpose."

That, in brief compass, is the contention of the writer—that the reviewer is there to portray a book and for no other purpose. On the other hand, he does not conceal his dislike of the reviewer who strays into the irrelevant paths of opinion. That kind of commentator is, to his mind, literally opinionated. "The curse of comment," "unreasonable intolerance," the substitution for the portrait of a "rag-bag of the reviewer's own moral, political, or religious opinions," the "detestable" habit of "general remarks," and so on. Theorizing and the discussion of "abstract argument," sermonizing, in fact, are a vicious departure from the simple rules which should govern the reviewer in his occupation. To be quite fair to this very plausible exposition, we ought to say that, though the writer does not define exactly what a portraiture should be, he is careful to say that it should not be a summary of a book's contents—that summary, we may add, which often passes so insidiously into the publisher's advertisement and thence, preening its wings for still further flights, soars into the regions of nebulous hyperbole.

Now, what are the implications of this apology? To make our case quite clear, we will employ the numerical method. It is, in the first place, to train your critic as a tradesman rather than an artist, to exile him from literature into occasional journalism. It is, in the second place, to throw the emphasis on his duty to the author than to the public; thirdly, to deprive him of principles, criteria, and doctrines; fourthly, to make the critical faculty an accidental rather than an essential qualification; fifthly, seriously to sap his individuality and independence; and lastly (an important point), to interpret him not as a professional and an expert, but as an amateur, an impressionist, and dilettante. The meaning with which Longinus, Quintilian, Sir Philip Sidney, Dryden, Addison, Johnson, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Wordsworth, Sydney Smith, Sainte-Beuve, and the whole Gallic and Saxon tradition have endowed the critic has become obsolete; in deference to modern exigencies, he is to march down from the judge's bench into the witness-box. A very different conception, for instance, from that of Hazlitt, who, according to Bagehot, started the question as to whether it would not be well to review books which did not appear, to escape the labor of perusing print, and to save his fellows from the slow torture of tedious extracts. Where, we would ask, will be the kind of reviewer visualized in the above article, when confronted by a work of imaginative vision? What standards

and values is he to apply? Upon what theory or definition of art is he to rely? By what sensitiveness of perception will he reveal it?

It seems that where the writer boggles is over that word "opinion," tending to confuse it with the application of abstract principles. A passage in the fifth book of Plato's "Republic" is so pertinent both as light upon his objections and as a positive assertion of the critic's proper medium that we are tempted to quote it. It bears upon the famous distinction between a genuine and counterfeit philosopher:—

"I suppose that those who love seeing and hearing, admire beautiful sounds and colors and forms and all artistic products into which these enter; but the nature of beauty in itself their understanding is unable to behold and embrace." "Yes, it certainly is as you say." "But those who are capable of reaching to the independent contemplation of abstract beauty will be rare exceptions, will they not?" "They will indeed." "Therefore, if a man recognizes the existence of beautiful things, but disbelieves in abstract beauty, and has not the power to follow should another lead the way to the knowledge of it, is his life, think you, a dreaming or a waking one? Just consider. Is it not dreaming when a person, whether asleep or awake, mistakes the likeness of anything for the real thing of which it is a likeness?" "I confess I should say that a person in that predicament was dreaming." "Take, again, the opposite case, of one who acknowledges an abstract beauty, and has the power to discern both this essence and the objects into which it enters, and who never mistakes such objects for the essence, nor the essence for the objects; does such a person, think you, live a dreaming or a waking life?" "A waking life, undoubtedly." "If so, shall we not be right in calling the mental process of the latter knowledge, because he really knows; and that of the former, opinion, because he merely opines?"

Upon such a conception, we are inclined to pin our faith, and declare that what is right for Peter is also right for Paul. Criticism, indeed, is the art of discovering first principles, and the critic, to be adequately equipped, must formulate behind shifting and individual expressions of art, a centripetal, unifying theory, an abiding generalization. An incompetent reviewer is one who adapts his critical apparatus to his book, a competent reviewer is one who brings to the study of every book, a genuine conviction, a revealing message, and an elucidated doctrine. The one sees a separate phenomenon in every book; the other sees every book as part of the phenomena of books. From this point of view, every critique is a confession of faith and the exposition of a philosophy. Such a critic will not cut his cloth to his book, but submit the book to the jurisdiction of first-hand principles. And if he is wrong, if he has mistaken the manifestation of the abstract for the abstract itself, we would still assert that he is less remote from the truth and from the wise exercise of his profession in the possession of critical prepossessions and preoccupations than the critic in the possession of none. Just as religions, moral and aesthetic beliefs, make up the synthesis of a critical personality, so the idea of a book cannot be separated from its style and construction. For, according to the ratio of a man's convictions and belief in his work, will be his capacity to do that work expertly and professionally. Training and conviction are the indispensable elements in the constitution of a critic, and indeed, no bad solvents for the complexities of modern life in general. And the only point where compromise in such tenets—arbitrary tenets if you will—is at all permissible, is in the method of treatment. Virulence, no less than effusiveness, impairs the artistic poise of the critic. In the survey of books there is room for the expository catalogue; there always has been and always ought to be for the genuine critic; but there is

none for the intermediate reviewer. For one thing, having nothing of his own to say, he is inevitably unreadable; true artistic conviction, on the other hand, carries its own interest and validity. The knowledgeable critic is, of course, a nuisance to editors and publishers; is that a sufficient reason to abolish him?

Short Studies.

FIDELITY.

My tall host knocked the ashes from his pipe, and crossing one leg over the other looked into the fire.

Outside the wind howled in the trees, and the rain beat upon the window panes. The firelight flickered on the grate, falling upon the polished furniture of the low-roofed, old-fashioned library, with its high Georgian overmantel, where in a deep recess there stood a clock, shaped like a cross, with eighteenth-century cupids carved in ivory fluttering round the base, and Time with a long scythe standing upon one side.

In the room hung the scent of an old country house, compounded of so many samples that it is difficult to enumerate them all. Beeswax and pot-pourri of roses, damp, and the scent of foreign woods in the old cabinets, tobacco and wood smoke, with the all-pervading smell of age, were some of them. The result was not unpleasant, and seemed the complement of the well-bound Georgian books standing demure upon their shelves, the blackening family portraits, and the skins of red deer and of roe scattered about the room.

The conversation languished, and we both sat listening to the storm that seemed to fill the world with noises strange and unearthly, for the house was far from railways, and the avenues that lead to it were long and dark. The solitude and the wild night seemed to have re-created the old world, long lost, and changed, but still remembered in that district just where the Highlands and the Lowlands meet.

At such times and in such houses the country really seems country once again, and not the gardened, game-keepered mixture of shooting ground and of fat fields tilled by machinery to which men now and then resort for sport, or to gather in their rents, with which the whole world is familiar to-day.

My host seemed to be struggling with himself to tell me something, and as I looked at him, tall, strong, and upright, his face all mottled by the weather, his home-spun coat, patched on the shoulders with buckskin that once had been white, but now was fawn-colored with wet and from the chafing of his gun, I felt the parturition of his speech would probably cost him a shrewd throe. So I said nothing, and he, after having filled his pipe, ramming the tobacco down with an old silver Indian seal, made as he told me in Kurachi, and brought home by a great-uncle fifty years ago, slowly began to speak, not looking at me, but as it were delivering his thoughts aloud, almost unconsciously, looking now and then at me as if he felt, rather than knew, that I was there. As he spoke, the tall, stuffed hen-harrier, the little Neapolitan shrine in tortoise-shell and coral, set thick with saints, the flying dragons from Ceylon, spread out like butterflies in a glazed case, the "poor's-box" on the shelf above the books with its four silver sides adorned with texts, the rows of blue books, and the row of Scott's Novels (the Roxburgh edition), together with the scent exuding from the Kingwood cabinet, the sprays of white Scotch rose, outlined against the window blinds, and the sporting prints and family tree, all neatly framed in oak, created the impression of being in a world remote, besquined and cut off from the century in which we live, by more than fifty years. Upon the rug before the fire, the sleeping spaniel whined uneasily, as if, though sleeping, it still scented game, and all the time the storm roared in the trees and whistled down the passages of the lone country house. One saw in fancy, deep in the recesses of the woods the roe stand sheltering, and the

capercaillie sitting on the branches of the firs, wet and dejected, like chickens on a roost, and little birds sent fluttering along, battling for life against the storm. Upon such nights, in districts such as that in which the gaunt old house was situated, there is a feeling of compassion for the wild things in the woods that, stealing over one, bridges the gulf between them and ourselves in a mysterious way. Their lot and sufferings, joys, loves, and the epitome of their brief lives, come home to us with something irresistible, making us feel that our superiority is an unreal thing, and that in essentials we are one.

My host went on: "Some time ago I walked up to the little moor that overlooks the Clyde, from which you see ships far away lying at the Tail of the Bank, the smoke of Greenock and Port Glasgow, the estuary itself, though miles away, looking like a sheet of frosted silver or dark grey steel, according to the season, and in the distance the range of hills called Argyle's Bowling Green, with the deep gap that marks the entrance to the Holy Loch. Autumn had just begun to tinge the trees, birches were golden, and rowans red, the bents were brown and dry. A few bog asphodels still showed amongst the heather, and bilberries, dark as black currants, grew here and there amongst the carpet of green sphagnum and the stag's head moss. The heather was all rusty brown, but still there was, as it were, a recollection of the summer in the air. Just the kind of day you feel inclined to sit down on the lee side of a dry-stone dyke, and smoke and look at some familiar self-sown birch that marks the flight of time, as you remember that it was but a year or two ago that it had first shot up above the grass.

"I remember two or three plants of tall hemp-agrimony still had their flower heads withered on the stalk, giving them a look of wearing wigs, and clumps of ragwort still had a few bees buzzing about them, rather faintly, with a belated air. I saw all this—not that I am a botanist, for you know I can hardly tell the difference between the cruciferae and the umbelliferae, but because when you live in the country some of the common plants seem to obtrude themselves upon you, and you have got to notice them in spite of you. So I walked on till I came to a wrecked plantation of spruce and of Scotch fir. A hurricane had struck it, turning it over almost in rows, as it was planted. The trees had withered in most cases, and in the open spaces round their upturned roots hundreds of rabbits burrowed, and had marked the adjoining field with little paths, just like the lines outside a railway station.

"I saw all this, not because I looked at it, for if you look with the idea of seeing everything, commonly everything escapes you, but because the lovely afternoon induced a feeling of well-being and contentment, and everything seemed to fall into its right proportion, so that you saw first the harmonious whole, and then the salient points most worth the looking at.

"I walked along feeling exhilarated with the autumn air and the fresh breeze that blew up from the Clyde. I remember thinking I had hardly ever felt greater content, and as I walked it seemed impossible the world could be so full of rank injustice, or that the lot of three-fourths of its population could really be so hard. A pack of grouse flew past, skimming above the heather as a shoal of flying fish skims just above the waves. I heard their quacking cries as they alighted on some stocks of oats, and noticed that the last bird to settle was an old hen, and that, even when all were down, I still could see her head, looking out warily above the yellow grain. Beyond the ruined wood there came the barking of a shepherd's dog, faint and subdued, and almost musical.

"I sat so long, smoking and looking at the view, that when I turned to go the sun was sinking and our long, northern twilight almost setting in.

"You know it," said my host, and I, who often had read by its light in summer and the early autumn, nodded assent, wondering to myself what he was going to tell me, and he went on.

"It has the property of making all things look a little ghostly, deepening the shadows and altering their

values, so that all that you see seems to acquire an extra significance, not so much to the eye as to the mind. Slowly I retraced my steps, walking under the high wall of rough piled stones till it ends, at the copse of willows, on the north side of the little moor to which I had seen the pack of grouse fly after it had left the stooks. I crossed into it, and began to walk towards home, knee-deep in bent grass and dwarf willows, with here and there a patch of heather and a patch of bilberries. The softness of the ground so dulled my footsteps that I appeared to walk as lightly as a roe upon the spongy surface of the moor. As I passed through a slight depression in which the grass grew rankly, I heard a wild cry coming, as it seemed, from just beneath my feet. Then came a rustling in the grass, and a large, dark-grey bird sprang out, repeating the wild cry, and ran off swiftly, trailing a broken wing.

"It paused upon a little hillock fifty yards away, repeating its strange note, and looking round as if it sought for something that it was certain was at hand. High in the air the cry, wilder and shriller, was repeated, and a great grey bird that I saw was a whaup, slowly descended in decreasing circles, and settled down beside its mate.

"They seemed to talk, and then the wounded bird set off at a swift run, its fellow circling above its head and uttering its cry as if it guided it. I watched them disappear, feeling as if an iron belt was drawn tight round my heart, their cries growing fainter as the deepening shadows slowly closed upon the moor."

My host stopped, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and turning to me, said:—

"I watched them go to what of course must have been certain death for one of them, furious, with the feelings of a murderer towards the man whose thoughtless folly had been the cause of so much misery. Curse him! I watched them, impotent to help, for as you know the curlew is perhaps the wildest of our native birds; and even had I caught the wounded one to set its wing, it would have pined and died. One thing I could have done, had I but had a gun and had the light been better, I might have shot them both, and had I done so I would have buried them beside each other.

"That's what I had upon my mind to tell you. I think the storm and the wild noises of the struggling trees outside have brought it back to me, although it happened years ago. Sometimes, when people talk about fidelity, saying it is not to be found upon the earth, I smile, for I have seen it with my own eyes, and manifest, out on that little moor."

He filled his pipe, and sitting down in an old leather chair, much worn and rather greasy, silently gazed into the fire.

I, too, was silent, thinking upon the tragedy; then feeling that something was expected of me, looked up and murmured, "Yes."

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

Present-Day Problems.

THE FUTURE OF THE MUNITIONS ACT.

THE policy of the Ministry of Munitions is notoriously one of "push and go." Up to the present, unfortunately, the Ministry has interpreted this as meaning "I push; you go." From the moment when a hasty and ill-considered Act was rushed through Parliament to the stifling of reasonable discussion to the present time, when amendment of the Act has at last been recognized as necessary, the aim of the Ministry has been to get things done, and not to get them done well. The result has been that everything, instead of being done once for all, has had to be done again a few weeks later. There has been a deal of hustling; but, broadly speaking, all the real problems which faced the Ministry on its creation are facing it to-day. This is true at least in the case of Labor; instead of finding a remedy for Labor unrest, the Ministry of Munitions has been itself the chief source of unrest.

When an amending Bill was announced, there were many who hoped that an attempt would at last be made to remedy the abuses created by the Act. Then the main provisions of the Bill became known, together with the sinister rumor that they were to be rushed through Parliament as the principal Act was rushed. Fortunately, there is now better news. The idea of getting the Bill through this week has now been abandoned, and a new conference between Mr. Lloyd George and the trade unions is to take place on Tuesday. It is to be hoped that some, at any rate, of the delegates at this conference will tell him a few home truths, and there is reason to believe that the occasion will not be allowed to pass without a demand for drastic amendment of the Act.

The amending Bill, as originally conceived, would seem to have been ridiculously inadequate, and to have shown a curious lack of appreciation of the state of mind to which Labor has been brought by the working of the Act. It remedied only one, and that by no means the most important, of the Labor grievances, and, in return for this obvious concession to common justice, it gave to the Ministry enormously extended powers over the workers. It removed the absurd anomaly by which an employer was able to discharge a worker, and at the same time refuse him a leaving certificate—an anomaly which only crept by accident into the original Act. But this was the sole important concession to Labor: all the other crying grievances were left unremedied. On the other side, the provisions of the Act were to be extended to new classes of workers, and apparently all employees engaged upon war material of any sort, including food, stores, and equipment, as well as munitions, were to be made subject to the "leaving certificate" clause.

It is probable that when the Bill sees the light it will already have assumed a very different form. It is understood that an attempt will be made to incorporate in it all those Labor amendments which the Government is prepared to accept. I do not know what changes the trade unions will urge upon Mr. Lloyd George, or what amendments will be moved on the floor of the House. I can only try to indicate briefly the grievances which find no solution in the Government's draft Bill, although they are the principal sources of the present unrest.

The Act, it will be remembered, consists of two main parts, of which the one provides for compulsory arbitration in labor disputes, while the other deals with the carrying on of munitions work both in controlled establishments and elsewhere. In the main, it is unlikely that there will be any important changes in Part I., though there are at least two points on which Labor has a legitimate grievance. In the first place, there is no obligation upon the Board of Trade to refer any question to arbitration unless it thinks fit. There may be some reason for this where it is desired to effect a direct settlement between workers and employers who are strongly organized. But it is the subject of bitter complaint by some of the women workers. A difference in which a strong trade union is concerned, they say, is at once referred to arbitration, unless there are good reasons against such action; but where weakly organized women are concerned, it is urged that there is difficulty in getting the Board of Trade to refer the difference for settlement. This might be met by a provision compelling the Board of Trade to refer to arbitration any dispute that is mainly between women and their employers. The second grievance is far more important, and was raised during the debate on the original Act. When a dispute is referred to arbitration there is no limit to the time that may elapse before an award is issued. However long the arbitrators delay their settlement, the workers are still prevented from taking action. Surely some time limit, say twenty-one days, should be imposed. It is no answer to say that the arbitrators may desire delay in order to effect a direct settlement between the parties; for no arbitrators need be appointed till the possibilities of direct settlement have been exhausted.

The grievances arising in connection with Part I. of the Act are insignificant in comparison with those which

arise out of the later clauses. Here, as I said in last week's article, they centre round three points, none of which was in any way met by the original proposals of the Government amendment. These three points are: (1) leaving certificates, (2) prosecutions under works rules, (3) the composition of the Munitions Tribunals. Unless all three are settled by the Amending Bill, there will be no return of peace in the Labor world.

The reform of the leaving certificate clause (Section 7) becomes all the more urgent if its operation is to be extended to new classes of workers. The whole principle of the clause is at fault, and no mere patching of it will be of the slightest use. At present a worker who desires to leave his work has to get a leaving certificate from his employer, or, if his employer refuses, he may appeal to the Munitions Tribunal. Surely the boot should be on the other leg. If a workman desires to leave, and the employer wishes to retain his services, it should be for the employer to make out a case against the workman's going. The employer should have the right to appeal to the Tribunal to retain the services of the workman. If he made out a good case, there cannot be the smallest doubt that he would get all he wanted from the Tribunal. At the present time, few men desire to leave their work without good cause; and here, too, the powers of the Tribunal should be widened so as to allow of reasonable pleading on both sides. I mentioned last week how some Tribunals refuse absolutely to take into account wages or conditions in considering applications to leave. The Amending Bill should make it quite clear that the employer has no right to retain the services of a worker unless he is paying trade union rates and granting reasonable conditions. Nor should employers be allowed to retain, for unskilled or semi-skilled work, men whose skill could be better utilized elsewhere, whether on munitions or any other essential services. Lastly, it should be a penal offence for the employer to convert the leaving certificate into a character note. The Government Bill, I believe, embodied a proposal of this kind; but I am not sure how fully the point was granted. It should be absolutely illegal for the employer to write anything at all beyond the bare legal formula upon the leaving certificate.

The posting by employers of unauthorized rules, which are subsequently confirmed by the Tribunal, is another grievance to which I referred last week. One of the great Employers' Federations is the chief offender in this respect. Drastic rules, involving immense changes in workshop discipline, have been posted without agreement, or even consultation, with the workers. This should be made absolutely illegal, and only model rules, made by the Ministry of Munitions, should be allowed to be posted, except by agreement between employers and employed. If this had been the law all the time, many of the worst cases before the Munitions Tribunal, could never have arisen.

The third point concerns the constitution of the Tribunals. The Trade Unions and the Labor Party, I believe, are pressing for the increase of the number of assessors representing employers and employed from one to two for each side, and for the granting to the assessors of votes. This would give the Chairman appointed by the Ministry a casting vote in place of the absolute authority which he has at present. This change is greatly needed, as the part played by the labor assessors has been so far negligible; but it is not likely to make a real difference unless it is accompanied by a further reform. At present, the assessors are chosen from the panels constituted for the purposes of the Insurance Act. It needs no argument to prove that this method is unlikely to secure the right men for the quite different functions which munitions assessors have to perform. What is wanted is a new panel, elected for the special purpose of the Munitions Act by the trade unions concerned. Only the direct election of the working-class members will give the workers any confidence in the impartiality of the Tribunals. Again, it is absurd to have only male assessors for cases in which women are concerned. There should be a special panel of women assessors for cases dealing with women workers.

I come now to a still wider question. I have

spoken again and again of the Government's capital mistake in scrapping the Local Munitions Committees. This action created widespread discontent, which is at last bearing fruit in the re-creation of Local Labor Advisory Committees. These Committees, and still more Local Joint Committees, of which they would form the workers' side, should be given a far greater share in administering the Act. It is a mistake to drag any and every case before a Munitions Tribunal: every effort should first be made for a settlement between the parties concerned. No case should be allowed to come before a Munitions Tribunal until it has been discussed by a local joint committee of employers and workers, or by a sub-committee of the same type. Provision for discussion of this kind would greatly reduce the number of cases brought before tribunals, and would do away with much of the present discontent. Of the further powers which might be conferred upon these committees, I have written in previous articles. The idea behind the suggestion is that the supply of munitions will be far better organized by employers and employed than by any outside party—even the Ministry of Munitions.

A last point, and I have done. In commenting on the circular dealing with women's wages issued by the Ministry of Munitions (Labor Supply Committee), I pointed out that its provisions were not compulsory, even in controlled establishments. This should be remedied in the Amending Bill. There may be objections to allowing the Ministry to prescribe even minimum rates for organized workers; but there can surely be none to giving this power in the case of women. The Amending Bill should confer this power, and thereby make the recommendations of the Labor Supply Committee, past, present, and future, obligatory at least on all controlled establishments and on all Government contracts.

Many of the above suggestions may seem trivial to the outsider; but there is not one of them that does not arise directly out of grievances keenly felt and productive of serious unrest. So far, it has been possible to prevent open revolt, and the public has not been allowed to know the extent of the unrest that prevails. But there are limits beyond which this policy of sitting on the safety-valve cannot go; and, if the workers find that an Amending Act has passed without remedying their grievances, the discontent will inevitably grow worse. Hitherto, they have been restrained by the hope of securing a real Amending Bill: it is to be hoped, in the national interest, that their expectations will not be disappointed. The Government has its opportunity: it remains to be seen whether it will use it.

G. D. H. COLE.

Letters to the Editor.

APPROACHES TO PEACE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. J. A. Hobson, in his brilliant series of letters, has a habit of "portmanteauing" the various persons he criticizes: so that they all alike come under the lash of his eloquence. Last week he dragged me into that unhappy crowd, and associated some proposals I had made for a moderate peace with "the satisfaction of the vindictive sentiment" and other unchristian motives.

My proposals were not vindictive at all. Nor had they anything to do with "sentiment," whether of hatred or affection. They dealt with solid things in maps and boundaries, just like the arrangement of stone walls, wire fencing, and similar solid things in private life. They were inspired by one idea only, and that not a sentimental idea. I marked out maps and balanced monies—not for vindictiveness, but for protection.

1. I have not supported my friend, Mr. Chesterton, in demanding "Retribution." I do not see how you can obtain "retribution" so long as the nerve centres of pain remain with individuals and the acts done are either national or untraceable to individuals. It might be possible to total up lists of civilians shot, women outraged, children murdered, and secure that a similar number of German subjects should suffer in similar fashion. But that does not

strike me as satisfactory "retribution." For I have been told (if Mr. Hobson will forgive the archaic phraseology) that "Vengeance belongeth to the Most High"; in the words of Chateaubriand, that "God, in His patient eternity, brings justice, sooner or later, to pass."

2. Nor am I advocating Professor Morgan's policy of "grinding Germany to powder," which, I suppose, means the separation of whatever population remains in its component civilized states from Prussia, and the destruction of such outrages as modern Berlin. Professor Morgan has seen a civilian population fresh from the experience of the passage of a German army: the brutalities not yet forgotten, the wounds new and yet festering. If Mr. Hobson or myself had passed through that experience we might desire the same result, and be prepared to risk the very existence of civilization in order to gain it. But we have been spared this spectacle; and so can write quietly, at a desk, upon "Approaches to Peace."

3. My proposals were moderate. They consisted in confining Germany to Germany, and arranging that she shall never possess the ability to re-create—outside Germany—the reign of darkness and madness in which we have been living for nearly one and a-half years. In doing so I had to accept certain facts, which cannot be altered by the expression of vague altruistic sentiments. If, for example, the German Fleet survives as at present, we in England start the new world after the war with Naval Estimates of a hundred millions—destined rapidly to increase. If, again, for example, we insist on that dismal country known now as German South-West Africa being given back to the Germans, British South Africa ceases to be part of the Empire. If Belgium and France do not receive real strategical defensible frontiers, they have no guarantee against the horrors of last August. If the little nations now trembling and stammering at the stamp of the boot which betokens German "frightfulness" do not see that "frightfulness" in ruins, they will of necessity attempt to placate that smashing instrument of destruction with gifts and treaties, knowing that otherwise their lives are not worth a moment's purchase. If France does not receive full recompense for the ruin effected in the occupied territories—two thousand million pounds was the estimate of a French statesman to me six months ago—it is more to-day—then we lay ourselves open to the just reproach of leaving our friends to bear all the suffering, and of deserting them in the hour of need. If Germany does not pay compensation to Belgium—varying in estimate from £50,000,000 to £200,000,000, needed to rebuild her cities, re-establish her industries, and bring back her scattered and exiled children to prosperity in their own land: with compensation, also, for the maimed, the outraged, and the dead—then we have utterly failed in the purpose for which we went to war; and our high moral demand for observation of international treaties and the defence of the rights of small nations will vanish before the reproach that we gave up because we were too tired or timid to go on. In a word, unless Europe is protected from the possibility of "frightfulness" triumphant, or even of "frightfulness" having waged a drawn battle with Liberty, Liberty ceases to exist.

But if I could obtain to-day peace conditions effecting this inability to do mischief, I would not want to kill another German or to occupy a single German city. I do not want either to love or to hate Germany. I do not want to justify or condemn Germany. I just want Germany to be left alone—impotent for evil. I do not want to divide up Germany or impose from outside what German life shall be in Germany. I do not want a German henceforth to rule a yard of land inherited by non-Germans. I do not want a yard of land inhabited by Germans (except that minimum necessary for strategic frontier protection) to be ruled by non-Germans. I want Germans to rule Germans how and as they please. I do not want to see, to consider, to be worried, or to be wearied, by any realization of the existence of Germany. I want Germans to live in, and obtain what enjoyment they can from, Germany in this world; and to go to Germany when they die.

In our attempting such a peace I have seen all the ideals for which we have fought for twenty years vanish as if shrivelled in the furnace smoke, through the operations of a triumphant militarism and the havoc of war. I know to-day that most of these ideals can never be realized in

our generation; that we shall die "not having seen the promises." I realize also that to attain this security we shall have to continue the multiplication amongst our own people of those to whom in the future the passing hours can bring no solace, and the evening and morning are as one day. Yet I would continue demanding of this generation the maintenance of this almost intolerable burden—in the hope that, at the last, those who come after us may be given the opportunity of cherishing a hope and an ideal.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES F. G. MASTERMAN.
Gillingham Street, S.W. November 24th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It seems to be assumed by some of your correspondents, as well as by many writers in the press, and even by ministers, that the only way to secure a durable peace is to "punish" Germany, not only by killing millions more of her men, and completing the ruin of her industry and trade, but by other signal humiliations and injuries, not always definitely specified, but usually taken to involve the dismemberment of her territory and the destruction of her national unity. This is the view, for instance, put forward by the celebrated economist, M. Yves Guyot, and it is often expressed in our own press. Now, I do not consider here whether the military and financial position is such as to lend support to the idea that it is in the power of the Allies to apply such measures to Germany, nor do I discuss whether it is right and desirable to inflict retributive punishment on a nation. But I would suggest that to do that, and to do nothing else, will not lead to a durable peace. It will, of course, leave in the centre of Europe a Germany working incessantly for reconstitution and revenge. Nor have I seen any practicable means suggested by which she can be prevented, in a course of years, from succeeding in that object. Furthermore, Germany is not the only Power in Europe capable of making an aggressive war. And even if she were wiped off the map, the anarchy of Europe, remaining as it is, and as it has been for centuries past, would certainly lead to other wars between the other Powers. In the light of history I do not see how anyone can dispute this. To prevent future wars, some deeper and more radical change is required than the suppression of one of the competing Powers.

Those who really desire a durable peace would do well to turn their thoughts to the consideration of what that change must be. Among those who have given thought to the matter, before and since the war, there is a pretty general agreement that the only way to guarantee peace is that the States should agree to unite their forces against any one of them that should make an aggressive war; that the definition of aggressive war should be war made without first referring the points in dispute to an international tribunal for peaceful settlement; and that, for that purpose, an appropriate tribunal be created. If Europe were reorganized on such a basis the machinery for repressing aggression, not only by Germany but by any other Power, would have been constituted. Such a policy would, of course, not be compatible with the abolition of armaments, but I do not understand that any of the "punishers" of Germany look forward to that. It would, however, be compatible with a general and all-round reduction of armaments on a great scale. The only essential is that the States entering into the arrangement suggested should have, all together, an overwhelming superiority of force over any one of them.

I do not assert that such a reorganization of Europe is practicable. That depends upon the amount of intelligence and good-will for peace the nations may manifest. Nor can I, in the space at my command, even touch upon the many points of principle and detail that arise in connection with the plan. They will be found very ably dealt with in Mr. Hobson's book, "Towards International Government."* My object in writing to you is to suggest to those of your readers who are in earnest in their desire to secure a durable peace, that it is along these lines, not along the lines of "punishing Germany," that the solution is likely to be found.—Yours, &c.,

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

November 24th, 1915.

THE WORKING OF THE MUNITIONS ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Although there will doubtless be general agreement with the views expressed by Mr. Cole in his article on the working of the Munitions Act, yet there are, I think, one or two points on which he is misinformed, and which ought not to pass without comment.

In his remarks with reference to fines inflicted by firms, it seems difficult to avoid the conclusion that Mr. Cole is under the impression that the system is one which has only come into being with the Munitions Act, and is peculiar to controlled establishments under the Act. But I think inquiry would show that the practice of imposing fines for petty offences has been in general use in large establishments other than engineering works, controlled or not, for many years.

I think I am not mistaken in saying that the practice obtains in most of the large drapery establishments both in London and the provinces, and with some reason.

But the point to which more serious objection may, I think, be taken is that in which Mr. Cole refers to punishment for breach of workshop rules. He says, "In all controlled establishments are posted rules providing elaborately for workshop discipline, with a stringent system of fines for the benefit of the Red Cross Fund."

In the first sentence of the article a statement is made that the number of controlled establishments is 1,346. Are we to understand that Mr. Cole has personally visited each and every one of these establishments and seen these rules for himself? If not, he can only be writing from hearsay, and that, surely, is hardly sufficient justification for making such a sweeping statement as this.

I am a director of a controlled establishment, and I can tell Mr. Cole that the only rules and regulations posted in our works are those issued by the Ministry of Munitions. These are six in number, and we have not, nor have we ever had, any system of fines the benefit of which goes to the Red Cross or any other society.

Nor do I consider Mr. Cole justified in describing the offence of "loitering" as being "vague." It is a very real offence in any large works, and one which results in the loss of more valuable time than it is possible to estimate, while being, at the same time, most difficult to detect, and therefore to prevent. A few minutes' conversation with one of the foremen of any large engineering works would convince Mr. Cole that many, if not most, of the rules which to him appear elaborate are essential to the proper control of the establishment.—Yours, &c.,

J. B. JORDAN.

"Banavie," Priestnall Road,
Heaton Mersey, Stockport.
November 23rd, 1915.

CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A Yorkshire Liberal Agent's letter in last week's NATION seems much to the point; but let others beside the National Liberal Federation show a firm front to the revolutionary proposal in question, and not have dust thrown in their eyes by underhand attempts to confuse the issue.

We may well suspect that if the figure of 30,000 recruits per week has been authoritatively declared adequate for military needs, and is found, moreover, to be reached and passed in actual fact, conscriptionists, nevertheless, will try to foist their nostrum on the nation by a side-issue. And has ever side-issue been raised to more ludicrous effect than in an attempt to stir up class prejudice between married men and single?

Let us beware of refusals to look at actual recruiting figures. Let us resist all plans for continentalizing by hook or by crook the military system of this country. Let us look to it that a national nuisance once booted from our door be not suffered through our neglect to sneak in by the window.—Yours, &c.,

G. M. S.

November 24th, 1915

"IS THERE A SHAKESPEARE PROBLEM?"

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—By a printer's error in your issue of Saturday last I am made to say that I "wrote 'δημοκρατία' [sic] to show that the poet had made the 'o' long."! The word as I wrote it was "δημοκράτιός" so written to show that Shelley had wrongly made use of the long vowel instead of the short one. What Shelley really wrote, according to the story, was, as I was quite aware, "δημοκράτικος" an obvious blunder. There was, therefore, no question of "Homeric prosody" involved. See Professor Dowden's "Life of Shelley," Vol. II., p. 30 (1886).—Yours, &c.,

G. G. GREENWOOD.

House of Commons. November 22nd, 1915.

SPEEDING AS JUDGE OF BACON'S STYLE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your critic, in his review of Mr. Greenwood's book, referred to Speeding as a judge of Bacon's style, from whom there was no appeal. And so he was, as regards those writings of Bacon, which were, so to speak, within his field of vision. But Speeding had a blind spot. Whether he himself was deficient in a sense of humor I do not know; I only know that there is extremely little sign of it in the seven volumes of the "Letters and Life." If he was in any way thus deficient, it would account for his blindness; for in this very important respect he would be quite out of sympathy with his hero. From Ben Jonson we know, directly and emphatically, that Bacon had a quite inordinate love of jesting. His yielding to the temptation, Jonson tells us, often, to that extent, marred an otherwise supreme quality of discourse. We know, too, that many of his *obiter dicta* that have reached us partook of the nature of the jest. Sometimes he even condescended to farce, as once, when entering the gardens of the Earl of Arundel, where divers nude statues were much in evidence, he threw up his hands, exclaiming, "The Resurrection!" He was not often satirical, but one gem has been preserved. Sir Robert Hitcham, noted for his ludicrous conceit of himself, one day told Bacon that "he cared not though men laughed at him; he would laugh at them again." Bacon said "in that case he would be the merriest man in England." Hitcham's face must have been a study. It is not, however, so much the quality of the joke as the irresistible tendency that is here to be noted.

For everything of the kind Speeding has the blind eye and the deaf ear. The thought of his hero as a *farceur* he could not away with. He must have known of these things, but they were distasteful to him, and he turned away his eyes from beholding them. To say that he did this deliberately would be to do wrong to his faultless sense of justice. But there it is. Even in his final summing-up, of this trait of character, so extremely important in real life to our ideal of a man, there is no hint. I yield to no one in admiration of Speeding; his work on Bacon is one of the great things in our literature. But I cannot help feeling that this distaste affected his *total* criticism, and made him fallible in some directions.

So that when Speeding is quoted as a final authority on what Bacon could, or could not, have written, we have to remember that to one side of Bacon's intellect he was, apparently, dead. I almost venture to think I can point to a case where his preconception has made him go wrong. The speeches of the six counsellors in the "Acta Graicram" (that of the sixth, by-the-bye, is deliberately farcical) he, without doubt rightly, attributes to Bacon; but the "Laws," by which they are prefaced, he negatives as Bacon's work. Why? Because they are of the essence of fun and farce. There is nothing strange in this to one who has assimilated the idea, which Speeding has not, of Bacon as a joker of jokes. Consequently, I go so far as to suggest that here is a case where Speeding has felt that Bacon could not have written matter that is almost certainly his. If space permitted, I think I could show that he also fails in his poetical judgment, attributing to Bacon a quite impossible poem.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE HOOKHAM.

Willersey, Gloucester November 22nd, 1915.

UNFITNESS v. THE CADET SYSTEM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—As Lord Derby's scheme will undoubtedly skim the cream of our stay-at-homes and sweep in every self-respecting young man whose conditions enable him to enlist, it is to be presumed our statesmen will deliberately weigh the public benefit to be derived from compulsion before tarnishing our magnificent record of national self-sacrifice.

The problem for them to decide will be whether the residue be worth it.

Merely to wreak vengeance on the still reluctant slacker by forcibly putting him through a long and expensive training to learn duties, which at the bottom of our hearts we must feel he has not the grit to carry through, would be, to use a homely phrase, "cutting off our nose to spite our face."

Can we not frankly recognize that even men of British race are not all built on the same heroic lines; that there are amongst us hyper-sensitive town-bred degenerates whom it might be wiser to retain performing any measure of commercial utility rather than to cumber our generals with regiments of such less than doubtful quality? For it is admitted we cannot mix conscripted with voluntary men.

Let those who champion the combative value of the men still waiting to be fetched obtain permission to visit one of our hospitals for neurasthenic patients. Let them see for themselves the pitiful condition of quaking dementia to which so many of our war-shocked soldiers are reduced through the nerve-wracking conditions of modern trench-warfare. And it must be borne in mind that these have all been willing fighters, not driven conscripts, that 50 per cent. are being invalidated out of the Army as of no further use, in many cases to become a burden on the tax-payer. The visit will give food for reflection. The present recruiting effort may provide for current wastage. But what about a three-years' war?

Since it is now generally admitted it should be part of every boy's State education to know how to defend his country, should we not at once prepare all lads of seventeen and eighteen? The difficulty of finding them instructors could be met by attaching them in cadet companies to the nearest military or naval units now under training, and a year hence we should then have at hand an incoming stream of trained recruits whose youthful enthusiasm would naturally inspire them with a desire to reinforce voluntarily the regiments in the field with which they had been already associated.

Does anyone believe the conscripted residue of Lord Derby's canvass would by that time give us equal value?

Our purpose is to win the war, not merely to crucify the slacker.

At the same time, I submit the immediate adoption of a well-considered National Cadet System would serve the best interests of Democracy and Freedom. For it would prepare our manhood at any time to take up arms in defence of a right cause without placing a vast military organization definitely in the hands of any Government of whose foreign policy our people might disapprove.

Let us remember we are now making history, not following it, and it is up to us to see it worthily inscribed. Our British Empire has already beaten all records in her overwhelming mastery of sea-power, in her stupendous muster of voluntary defenders.

Can we not keep this glorious page unsullied?

It cannot be true statesmanship to regard this world-war by a narrow, one-Power standard. The millions Russia is preparing (and her new open-sea northern port will soon be available), backed by our own financial resources, and the throttling squeeze of our naval blockade, we know must tell in the long run.

The smaller nations of a ravaged Europe cry to us in mortal agony to uphold the sacred cause of Liberty and Justice. But to do so need we bind our own sons with the serfdom of a musty past? Shall we, indeed, forswear Freedom to fight for it?—Yours, &c.,

"SCENE DUBH."

Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall, S.W.
November 22nd, 1915.

THE BRITISH AND THE GERMAN STAFFS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—In THE NATION of November 6th you compare the work of the British Staff with that of the German Staff. Your conclusion from the comparison is greatly in favor of the German and unfavorable to the British. You take the results of Neuve Chapelle and of "the May operations" as proving the failure of our Staff to follow up advantages gained by the gallantry of our troops. In this you may be right or you may be wrong. What is perfectly certain is that if you applied a similar test to the work of the German Staff, you would find that, in parallel conditions, the Germans in the West failed not only frequently but almost invariably to secure the advantages gained at first by long and carefully-prepared plans and costly mass attacks. This is practically the history of the war in Flanders and North-Eastern France ever since the trench fighting began.

If it be true that our Staff has failed, it has been proved over and over again that the German Staff has failed still more seriously, however much we may invoke the memory of Scharnhorst or of Moltke.—Yours, &c.,

C. B.

THE SUCCESS OF LORD DERBY'S SCHEME.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—It is hard to see why the Press Bureau should have gone out of its way to suggest that your contributor's statement as to the success of Lord Derby's scheme was inaccurate, unless perhaps, we are to attribute the circular in question to some bureaucrat who is so bent on having conscription that he must lose no opportunity of "crabbing" the voluntary system. (That such officials do exist, on both the military and the civilian sides of the Government, there is, I am afraid, no doubt.)

As a matter of fact, "Wayfarer," if anything, underestimated the success of the scheme. In the first week of it Durham, Lincolnshire, Northumberland, and Yorkshire furnished 7,000 recruits, despite the fact that, being maritime counties, they have to do a good deal towards the manning and other needs of the Navy, and despite the fact that three of them are doing enormous quantities of work, and that the fourth is one of our most important agricultural districts. The population of these four counties being (1911 Census) something over 6,000,000, it is not unfair to assume that, for the whole country, the first week furnished 50,000 recruits, or much above the required number.

As to the correctness of "Wayfarer's" remarks on the effect on industry, again, there can be no doubt. An employer told me to-day that his output for this year will be down by 33 per cent., simply owing to the difficulty in getting suitable labor.—Yours, &c.,

FREDK. G. JACKSON
(Local Hon. Correspondent Voluntary
Recruiting League).

Poetry.

THE TWO CHILDREN.

"Ah, little boy! I see
You have a wooden spade.
Into this sand you dig
So deep—for what?" I said.
"There's more rich gold," said he,
"Down under where I stand,
Than twenty elephants
Could move across the land."
"Ah, little girl with wool!—
What are you making now?"
"Some stockings for the birds,
To keep their legs from snow."
And there those children are,
So happy, small, and proud:
The boy that digs his grave,
The girl that knits her shroud.

W. H. DAVIES.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary." By Stephen Graham. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The Meaning and the Value of Mysticism." By E. Herman. (James Clarke. 6s. net.)
- "The Scottish Friend of Frederic the Great: The Last Earl Marischall." By Edith E. Cuthell. (Stanley Paul. Two vols. 24s. net.)
- ✓ "My Harvest." By Richard Whiteing. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Georgian Poetry, 1912-1915." (The Poetry Bookshop. 5s. 6d. net.)
- "A Painter of Dreams and Other Biographical Essays." By A. M. W. Stirling. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Village Government in British India." By John Matthai. (Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)
- "Russian Silhouettes." By Anton Tchekoff. (Duckworth. 6s.)
- "Zeppelin Nights." By Violet Hunt and Ford Madox Hueffer. (Lane. 6s.)

* * *

A COUPLE of months ago I remarked upon the much greater influence of Tractarianism than of Evangelicalism in the world of books. The literature that has gathered around the Oxford Movement is, indeed, enormous. It has been as prolific in memoirs as in controversies; its "Lives" are legion; and masses of verse and fiction which it inspired are to be found on the shelves of public libraries and in the basements of second-hand bookshops. As one who has felt the spell of the Movement, I regret to have to agree with Professor Hugh Walker that most of this output is of so little value that it consists largely of books "which any gentleman's library may quite well be without." There are, of course, distinguished exceptions. Church's "The Oxford Movement" and Froude's "The Oxford Counter Reformation" are contributions to literature as well as to the history of theology, and Newman's writings are among the masterpieces of English prose. Now that these latter are falling out of copyright, they are becoming accessible in cheap editions, and I notice that the Walter Scott Publishing Co. have issued a new edition of the "Apologia"—the first exact reprint of the original work since it was published in 1864—while Mr. John Lane has just issued an illustrated edition of "The Dream of Gerontius," with an introduction in which Mr. Gordon Toy corrects some misstatements about the composition and publication of the poem.

* * *

BAGEHOT once remarked that "sacred poets" thrive by translating the weaker portions of Wordsworth and Coleridge into the language of women. Unhappily, almost any collection of modern religious verse gives point to the gibe. But "The Dream of Gerontius" is, as Bagehot's friend, R. H. Hutton, said, "one of the most unique and original of the poems of the nineteenth century, as well as that one of all of them which is in every sense the most completely independent of the *Zeitgeist*." It seems to be the record of an actual dream. Why does not somebody write an essay on the poetry that has been inspired by dreams? "Kubla Khan" and some of Mr. Yeats's poems at once present themselves as examples. Certainly Newman's dream was turned to good account. Gladstone spoke of the poem "in the same breath with the 'Divina Commedia'"; Kingsley read it with "awe and admiration"; and a critic who is far from sharing its theological assumptions writes of it:—

"In it Newman conjures more deftly with the reason of his readers than the most dexterous Indian wonder-worker with the eyes of spectators. He arranges more dazzling combinations than the most ingenious pyrotechnist. He is a magician in his manipulation of thought and feeling. He makes us accept for natural what is most unreal, for fair what is ugly, for beneficent what is barbarous, for celestial what is earthy."

* * *

So much has been written about the "Apologia" and Newman's style that both subjects are a bit wearisome.

One of the best among recent appreciations is to be found in an anonymous book called "Father Payne," recently published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., and so very Bensonian that one almost doubts whether it could have been written by Mr. A. C. Benson:—

"I have been reading Newman's 'Apologia' over again—I must have read it a dozen times! It is surely one of the most beautiful and singular books in the whole world—and I think that the strangest sentence in it is this,—'Who would ever dream of making the world his confidant?' Did Newman, do you suppose, not realize that he had done that? . . . I will not say that Newman was never happy till he had told his tale, and I will not say that, artist-like, he loved applause: but he did *not* wish to be hidden, and he earnestly desired to be approved. He craved to be allowed to say what he thought—it is pathetic to hear him say so often how 'fierce' he was—and yet he hated suspicion and hostility and misunderstanding; and though he loved a refined sort of quiet, he even more loved, I think, to be the centre of a fuss! I feel little doubt in my own mind that, even when he was living most retired, he wished people to be curious about what he was doing. He was one of those men who felt he had a special mission, a prophetic function. He was a dramatic creature, a performer, you know. He read the lessons like an actor; he preached like an actor; he was intensely self-conscious. . . . The unself-conscious man goes his own way and does not bother his head about other people: but Newman was not like that. When he was reading, it was always like the portrait of a student: reading. That's the artist's way—he is always living in a sort of picture-frame."

* * *

Or most of the verse produced by the Oxford Movement, even of most of Newman's verse, one need only say that it can be neglected without very great loss. When Faber decided to use his pen exclusively in the service of the Roman Catholic Church, Wordsworth lamented the change, and said that by it England had lost a poet. And Canon Ollard, in his "Short History of the Oxford Movement," just issued by Messrs. Mowbray, claims that the poetry of Isaac Williams and Faber still lives and moves the hearts of readers. But the general verdict is that Faber is luscious and sentimental, and as for Isaac Williams, I have tried both "The Baptistry" and "The Cathedral" with the result that I heartily agree with Bagehot. "Curé de Campagne" holds a brief for John Mason Neale, and has more than once maintained it in the columns of THE NATION. Undoubtedly Neale takes high rank as a hymn-writer, and some of his translations can compare with the hymns of the Wesleys or of Cowper. But the great fault of all Tractarian poetry is that it is the product of a school and of an occasion. This is true even of "The Christian Year," for Keble was far from a great poet, and he is often commonplace and dull. Leaving out Newman, the only poet produced by the Movement whose work is secure of immortality is, perhaps, Christina Rossetti.

* * *

TRACTARIAN fiction had once some vogue in the world of books. Newman's "Loss and Gain" and "Callista" do not belong to the category, for both were written after their author's secession. Neither is quite worthy of his genius, though the passage about the locusts in the latter has become classical. One Tractarian novel, "From Oxford to Rome," published anonymously, but now known to be the work of Miss F. E. Harris, was honored by an article in "The Quarterly Review" from Gladstone, and ran into three editions in its year of issue. Elizabeth Sewell's "Amy Herbert" and Harriet Mozley's "The Fairy Bower" and "The Lost Brooch" were successes in their day; while the stories of F. E. Paget, William Gresley, and A. D. Crake are still to be found in the twopenny box on nearly every second-hand bookstall. But the novelist *par excellence* of the Oxford Movement was Miss C. M. Yonge, who in fifty years wrote more than three times that number of books. Readers of the biography of William Morris will remember the high esteem in which "The Heir of Redcliffe" was held by Morris, Burne Jones, and other members of the Pre-Raphaelite group. They thought it "unquestionably one of the greatest books of the world"; why it is now difficult to see. Miss Yonge will be remembered, however, as the High Church counterpart of Miss Hannah More. Together they would furnish a theme for one of those essays in comparison and contrast of which Sainte-Beuve was a master.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

OLD GOLD.

"Hesiod, the Homeric Hymns, and Homerica." "Lucian," Two Vols. I. and II. "Pindar." "Pliny : Letters." In two vols. "Apuleius : The Golden Ass." The Loeb Classical Library. (Heinemann. 5s. net per vol.)

GEORGE GISSING, in "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," protests against talking of "the Greeks" to the modern world. "Our heritage of Greek literature and art," he declares, "is priceless; the example of Greek life possesses for us not the slightest value. . . . If we could see and speak with an average Athenian of the Periclean age, he would cause no little disappointment—there would be so much more of the barbarian in him, and at the same time of the decadent, than we had anticipated." This, perhaps, is a necessary warning to those who meditate walking down Oxford Street in sandals, or who imagine that they can mimic the bright discourses of "The Symposium" in a Regent Street café. It is a necessary warning to those who believe that all the perfections of life were citizens of Athens, while all the imperfections have made their abode in Paris and London. Hellenism, if it degenerated into worship, might become a more perilous doctrine than Old Testament Hebraism. On the other hand, no one has ever proposed to the modern world as a whole to go back to the Greeks in this sense. One studies the Greeks less as the builders of the future than as the ancestors of Europe. They are in themselves a little hierarchy of art and philosophy and civilization. The modern man finds in them a kind of retreat into Olympus. There is something that is perfect about them. Even their history is perfect. It is a story that is told—a story to which nothing can be added. It is the story of a world that arose and shone and set and went down into the darkness. Other worlds did this, too; but none of them has left such a bequest of memories, of radiance. The story of Greece is perfect, not only in that we can read it as a whole, but in the riches, and the quality of the riches, it has bequeathed to us.

The modern man, we think, can get far more from the Greeks than Gissing admitted. Here he can find a race of men, poor and intelligent, and exceptionally curious about fate, setting themselves to make the best of things, and making the best of things in a manner more beautiful than has ever been known at any other period in history. Here, in the Loeb Classical Library, is being gathered a firmament of beautiful things, ranging from the noble complaints of the old Boeotian farmer, Hesiod, to the noble and scrupulous homage of the Parallel Lives of Plutarch. It is difficult to prove that the modern man will get any moral good from them as in some cases he is said to get moral good from the works of Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine. But he will find nowhere else loveliness in so many forms. Hesiod himself is less lovely than instructive about the rustic background of Greek life and the Olympian background of Greek mythology. But one will learn more of the simplicities of those things from him than in any other book. He does not achieve the excellence of beauty that we find in the Homeric Hymns, especially that great Hymn to Demeter, which was discovered in Moscow by a German only at the end of the eighteenth century. The very gestures of the daughters of Celeus still live for us, when, having found Demeter at the well, and gone home to tell their mother, they are sent to bring the strange woman to the house to work for hire:

"As hinds or heifers in spring-time, when sated with pasture, bound about a meadow, so they, holding up the folds of their lovely garments, darted down the hollow path, and their hair, like a crocus flower, streamed about their shoulders."

And the story of Demeter and Persephone, as it is told here, is surely the most flowered tale in the world. Here is the story of the death and resurrection of crocuses and hyacinths and roses and lilies and all the spring, and the modern man who reads it, like the Greek, will look out differently on the world if it be only for a moment. Mr. H. G. Evelyn-White, who has translated Hesiod and the Homeric Hymns,

has included in the same volume with them the fragments of the lost cyclic epics, the pseudo-Hesiodic "Shield of Heracles," and various other brief anonymous poems, like "The Battle of the Frogs and the Mice." We wish he had not depreciated this last admirable skit on the epic poems, which seems to us to be quite Swiftian in its invention. It is, we imagine, the oldest extant light satire on war, and is as effective in its way as the doom-laden panorama of "The Dynasts."

The volumes in the Loeb Library, as many of our readers know, are printed in a way which will appeal both to the scholar and to the general reader. On the left-hand page is printed the Greek or Latin text; opposite is given the English translation. In most cases the translation is not only a work of good scholarship, but good literature. Sir John Sandys's "Pindar," which has just been added to the library, differs from the best of the volumes in that it gives us a translation that is merely scholarly rather than one which makes a classic alive in English. Pindar, however, it must be confessed, is the least easily translatable of poets. His monuments of genealogical flattery belong to the museums of literature rather than to the streets and the fields. Even so, however, one wishes he were given a better chance in English than he gets in sentences like:—

"But high emprise brooketh no coward wight. Yet, as all men must needs die, why should we, sitting idly in the darkness, nurse without aim an inglorious eld, reft of all share of blessing?"

Even in the case of Pindar we think it would be well if the translators gave a trial to what Samuel Butler called Tottenham Court Road English. At the same time, as an aid to the student of Pindar worrying out his own translation, the version of Sir John Sandys will be abundantly helpful.

Of the appeal of Lucian—who is being translated by Mr. A. M. Harmon in eight volumes—there is less room for doubt. Here, indeed, is the modern man himself, clever, full of common-sense, irreverent, smashing superstitions with laughter. He says much the same things about Zeus, one imagines, that Mr. Bernard Shaw would have said if he had lived in the second century after Christ. How entertaining, for example, and how critical of the self-centredness of the religion of so many, is the description in "Icaromenippus or the Sky-Man" of Zeus listening to the prayers of humankind:—

"We came to the place where he had to sit and hear the prayers. There was a row of openings like mouths of wells, with covers on them, and beside each stood a golden throne. Sitting down by the first one, Zeus took off the cover and gave his attention to the people who were praying. The prayers came from all parts of the world, and were of all sorts and kinds, for I myself bent over the orifices and listened to them along with him. They went like this: 'O, Zeus, may I succeed in becoming king!' 'O, Zeus, may my onions and garlic grow!' 'O, ye gods, let my father die quickly!'; and now and then one or another would say: 'O, that I may inherit my wife's property!' 'O, that I may be undetected in my plot against my brother!' 'May I succeed in winning my suit!' 'Let me win the wreath at the Olympic games!' Among seafaring men, one was praying for the north wind to blow, another for the south wind; and the farmers were praying for rain, while the washerwomen were praying for sunshine."

Much of Lucian is commonplace to the modern educated man, but at its best it is exceedingly amusing commonplace. He is not an author to take in long courses, but he is a merry fellow on whom to pay a call.

One of the special attractions of the Loeb Library is that it introduces the average "literary" reader not chiefly to the authors from whom he has suffered most at school, but also to authors who have always been mere names to him. Thus the Roman History of Dio Cassius is appearing in nine volumes, translated by Dr. Ernest Carey, and, though Dio is not one of the great historians, it is always interesting to see the history of the old world through the eyes of the old writers. Pliny the Younger's Letters, which appear in two volumes in a revised edition of William Melmoth's translation—a translation which Warton declared to be better than the original—have a unique value as guides into the old world. One may mock at Pliny's virtuous egotism, his airs of Sir Willoughby Patterne, his always writing with an eye to publication; and Mr. W. M. L.

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JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, W.

Hutchinson, who has revised and edited the book for the Loeb Library, is rather inclined to belittle his author. But who would willingly lose these solemn sidelights on the life and thoughts of this cultured Roman, who used to take his writing-materials with him even when he went boar-hunting?

"Whilst I sat at my nets, you would have found me. not with spear and dart, but pen and tablets by my side. I mused and wrote, being resolved, if I returned with my hands empty, at least to come home with my pocket-book full."

But to us nowadays not the least entertaining of the letters is that famous epistle which Pliny wrote about the Christians, while Legate in Bithynia to the Emperor Trajan. Here we have mirrored the ideal servant of the Crown, so to speak. Pliny was a humane man, a moderate man, a man free from bigotry. He was probably little anxious to persecute the Christians. At the same time, he felt, like a true civil servant, that law and order must be preserved, and executed any Christians brought before him who did not recant:—

"For whatever the nature of their creed might be, I could at least feel no doubt that contumacy and inflexible obstinacy deserved chastisement. . . . Those who denied they were, or had ever been, Christians, who repeated after me an invocation to the gods, and offered adoration with wine and frankincense, to your image, which I had ordered to be brought for that purpose, together with those of the gods, and who finally cursed Christ . . . these I thought proper to discharge."

What modern man can read Pliny's letter, with its calm and official sanity of tone, and fail to realize that religious and political persecutors are not ogres with horrible faces, but quite "nice" people, not at all unlike ourselves?

Perhaps, however, the greatest treasure among the new volumes of the Loeb Library is that joyous and beautiful and ridiculous story of "The Golden Ass" in Adlington's translation changed only in so far as it was necessary to correct it. This is certainly one of the great comic romances of the world. Beyond most books it affords entertainment for man and beast. Its splendor as a comedy of roguery and witchcraft has been somewhat obscured by those who have treated it as though its interest were largely historical. But the present writer for one would give it a place among the hundred best books in the library of a man with a sense of humor. And as for the beauty of the story of Cupid and Psyche which the old woman tells in the robbers' den, that has delighted thousands of readers who have never troubled their heads about the Golden Ass who overheard it. It is a book to put beside "The Arabian Nights" and "The Canterbury Tales" and "Tristram Shandy." It will compare quite creditably with any of them either in art or in morals.

"BLOSSOMS, BIRDS, AND BOWERS."

"Chosen Poems." By WILLIAM J. IBBETT. (Bullen. 2s. 6d. net.)

It is not really a carping spirit which will declare that the only poetry that impels it to analysis is bad poetry. Bad poetry sharpens the critical faculty, just as the infernal cacophony of slate-pencil grating upon slate sharpens the senses to a quickening vitality. It would seem that this dogma can only be applied in its entirety to poetry, and even then only to lyric poetry. An ode, an epic, a novel, an essay, a drama, which respond to the most fastidious canons of art, do not suborn the critical attitude. On the contrary, they quicken it, because the critic, though confronted by a whole, is aware that he cannot flavor it to his satisfaction, until he has separated and displayed the various units that contribute to the unity. And again, bad poetry, especially bad lyrical poetry, is so manifestly a discord, that the critic, his peace of mind impaired, is bound to exclaim upon it. But lyric poetry, pure lyric poetry, somehow baffles and defies the dissecting instinct. There is something so exact, so serene, so absolute about it, that, as Myers said about poetry in general: "In order to judge it, it is necessary, before all things, to enjoy it." The faculty of enjoyment, that is to say, is so paramount, that it absorbs the faculty of defining the significance of that enjoyment. And a perfect lyric is so flawless, so concentrated, so indivisible,

and, at the same time, so, as it were, diminutive, that it is, perhaps, the only form of artistic expression that disarms criticism of its attribute of definition. It may be irrational, but one cannot help feeling that the critic who will deliberately unravel the starry web, say, of:—

"My soul into the boughs does glide,
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light

—is akin to the German critic, Ribbeck, who accused Virgil of exaggerating the felicity of the Golden Age, and emended *moritura* into *monitura* that he might represent Amata clinging to Turnus, not "with the intention of killing herself," but "with the intention of giving advice," which "is the more impressive and fitting attitude for a mother-in-law"! And it is on the same analogy that lyric poetry seems to escape the divisions of time, and, in the pitch and likeness of its subjective impressions, to unite Theocritus, Anacreon, the Greek Anthology, Propertius, Catullus, Petrarch, the Elizabethan Song-books, the Carolean poets, Herrick, Charles d'Orléans, Heine, Shelley, and the others, into one golden treasury, into one shining contemporary brotherhood.

These reflections may be excused, because they spring naturally from reading the lyrics of Mr. Ibbett, to the best of our knowledge a practically unknown poet. His daisy-chain, composed of some twenty lyrics and a few epigrams on the great books of the past, has been put together from 1886 onward. It would be interesting to know what was the quality of the rejected poems, because those collected into this volume simply cannot be distinguished at all in point of beauty and affinity. One poem is as good as another, and that is all that can be said. Now, it would be merely wanton to claim anything superlative for Mr. Ibbett's work. It is a garland of wild flowers, not of pearls. The whole meaning and justification of his poems are that you want to read and enjoy them and not to write about them. Our pean, indeed, consists solely in the fact that it is a positive bore to write about them. Nobody in this world is so abysmally conscientious as the critic; nobody yields a more abject and miserable submission to the Stern Daughter of the Voice of God. He is never allowed or allows himself quietly to enjoy beauty. Like an everlasting town-crier, he must forever declare it in the market-place, and attempt to communicate it to others. He must chatter on about Pan's pipes, the marriage of matter and form, and the rest of it; and his peculiar difficulty is that not only have the things that apply to Mr. Ibbett's numbers been said in a greater degree by all critics since the beginning of criticism about lyric poetry, but that the lines of such criticism are perfectly familiar and crystallized to all lovers of poetry. There is nothing new to be said about Herrick; there is nothing new to be said about Mr. Ibbett—a lesser Herrick. Hear him:—

"The little lizard through the day
Basks sun-filled on the summer road,
His airy prey a scanty load.
The loutish wain that threatens near
He flees, a flashing vanishment,
And yet his tiny, transient fear,
Quick changes to his old content;
So glanced your light and transient wit
Aside from dull and drear result.
Of neutral fact and statement fit
To be a dying blind man's cult,
To little mounds of fantasy,
To dainty dells of Arcady."

The fancy of "Snow in Spring" is the genuine Hesperidean fancy:—

"Old Winter, you are conquered quite!
Then why do you in sheer despite
Pelt the young Spring with flakes of white?
No little flower, whate'er its hue,
But shakes its head and laughs at you
To see the little you can do."

And this epitaph, "Old Hansford," has all the delicate crispness, the personal mock-serious element which is the immemorial tradition of such versicles:—

"He scratched and teased his mother Earth who gave
Him wheat and barley, apples, pears, a grave."

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And this epigram on "Southernwood"—well, friendly is the word for it:—

"I may smell like old Baudelaire,
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They're always glad to put me in."

Here is the Carolean casual jocundity leaping out at our grey-bearded, disingenuous generation:—

"If she won't love you,
Nor meet your desire,
Let it not move you
To trouble and ire;
For women are many
As birds in the air:
Or go without any,
And be without care."

The present critic simply dare not repeat the words of a more hardened colleague—"It has that rare thing, that elusive quality—charm." Mr. Ibbetts has not quite the cunning simplicity of Mr. Davies, a line such as—"And preens his gold-emblazoned wings" is an illustration. But the thing about him is that he is, quite unambiguously, an authentic lyrical poet.

THE GREYNES OF TCHEKHOV.

The Bet. By ANTON TCHEKHOV. Translated by S. KOTELIANSKY and J. MURRAY. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d. net.)

ONE of the most curious noumena in the history of literature is the personality of Anton Tchekhov, whose father was a freed serf. Horace was the son of a *onus homo*; Epictetus was actually a slave. There is nothing singular, then, in the inheritance of the disinherited. But when one looks back on Gogol's "Dead Souls" and on Turgenev's "Annals of a Sportsman" it is hard to realize that in the same century there should emerge from these sentient things a writer who would analyze in his turn the descendants of the old slave-owners, not with resentment but with a cold and weary forbearance. One thinks of those isbas no bigger than rooms, and it is hard to realize that a moujik's son should be the chief exponent of the emptiness of mansions. Moreover, the power of Tchekhov, unlike that of Maxim Gorky, is expressed without the enthusiasm of anger or the stimulus of revolt. Tchekhov is grey, as the snow of cities seen through smoke. Tchekhov, at the last, had no illusions, not even the after-taste of a joy that has passed into satiety or the regret for a happiness that one has stumbled past forever. And yet it was this man who, in the early days, proclaimed proudly the avidity of the human soul. "There is a saying that man needs only six feet of ground, but that is for a corpse and not a living man. It is not six feet of ground that man requires, not even an entire estate, but the whole terrestrial globe, Nature in its fulness, so that all his faculties can expand freely."

In those days he enjoyed, apparently, the exercise of his literary gift for its own sake, but very soon the staleness of life overwhelmed him, and in the character of one of his earlier stories he may be accepted as speaking with his own lips and from his own heart:—

"I was then not more than twenty-six years of age; nevertheless I was conscious not only that life was senseless, but that it was without any visible goal; that all was illusion and dupery; that in its consequence and even in its very essence, the life of the exiled on the island of Sakhaline was very much the same as the life that was led at Nice; that the difference between the brain of Kant and the brain of a fly was very small; finally, that no one in this world was either right or wrong."

Each one of the thirteen stories included in the volume to which "The Bet" gives its title, illustrates one phase or other of this finality of disillusion. The greyness of Tchekhov hovers over every one of them, from "The Bet," in which a man becomes a prisoner for fifteen years in order to win two million roubles, and then purposely loses his wager by escaping five minutes before the agreed time, to "A Tedious Story," in which a typical Russian Intellectual

writes down his intimate impressions of the life to which he clings only because of his doubt of death. "Tell me what you want, and I will tell you what you are," muses the hero of "A Tedious Story" as he proceeds to examine his own soul, not gently and mercifully after our fashion, but with that rough Russian honesty that will acknowledge even emptiness.

"And now I examine myself," he says. "What do I want? I want our wives, children, friends, and pupils to love in us, not the name or the firm or the label, but the ordinary human beings. What besides? I should like to have assistants and successors. What more? I should like to wake in a hundred years' time, and take a look, if only with one eye, at what has happened to science. I should like to live ten years more. . . . What further? Nothing further. I think a long while, and cannot make out anything else."

In "The Fit," a young Russian student becomes obsessed by the tragedy of fallen women. From all over the world they seem to swarm to him with their painted faces and their lost eyes, frightening him by their volume of unfathomable loss. His friends take him to a doctor, who writes a prescription, as though that could cure him of the malady of pity. In "Misfortune," a young married woman repels a man who has fallen passionately in love with her. One sees, as it were, her brain cells in actual work, and one realizes that it is not through the brain cells that these matters are decided. In spite of herself, her eyes speak a different language from that of her lips, and even while she murmurs to herself, "You're an immoral woman, you're horrible," she goes to this man as though hypnotized, not so much by passion as by calamity.

Occasionally, as in "A Gentleman Friend," the greyness of Tchekhov seems to be lightened by the touch of Maupassant. Here, a girl just out of hospital, with exactly a rouble in the world, goes to a dentist whom she used to know with the intention of getting money from him. He does not recognize her, and the girl is ashamed to explain the situation. Instead, she allows him to extract a tooth, for which service she pays away her only rouble. Maupassant would have ended at that moment, but Tchekhov continues in his own quite alien manner: "She walked along the street spitting blood, and each red spittle told her about her life, a bad, hard life; about the insults she had suffered and had still to suffer—to-morrow, a week, a year hence—her whole life, till death. . . ."

What is ordinarily known as the pathetic fallacy is absent in Tchekhov's work, but he conveys the oppression of nature upon those who are without inner defence. In "Enemies," for example, Kirilov, a doctor who has just lost his only child, has been dragged out by Aboguin to visit his wife. The doctor's own wife was ill at home, and the nearer he got to Aboguin's house the more his despair festered. There was no consolation in the quiet darkness, no alleviation in the boundlessness of the plain. Nature had for him as little pity as man, and he looked for none from either:—

"In all nature one felt something hopeless and sick. Like a fallen woman who sits alone in a dark room trying not to think of her past, the earth languished with reminiscence of spring and summer, waited in apathy for ineluctable winter. Wherever one's glance turned, nature showed everywhere like a dark, cold, bottomless pit, whence neither Kirilov nor Aboguin nor the red half-moon could escape. . . ."

When they reached the house, it was only to find that Aboguin's wife had tricked him. The husband was in despair, but the doctor asked him, with the contempt of sorrow in his voice: "What's this? My child's dead. My wife in anguish, alone in all the house. . . . I can hardly stand on my feet, I haven't slept for three nights . . . and I'm ready to play in a vulgar comedy, to play the part of a stage property! I don't . . . I don't understand it!" Finally, in "Old Age" there is the same denial of any consolation whatsoever for the dark grief of the human soul. "Confess," exclaims one of the characters in this sketch, "that, however loathsome the past may be, it's better than this," and he pointed to his grey hair. And that, perhaps, was the last word of Anton Tchekhov, who had commenced by claiming the wide world for his dreams.

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AN ENUMERATOR OF DISCONTENTS.

"The Research Magnificent." By H. G. WELLS. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE reader of Mr. Wells's novels is often aware of a dual consciousness in the author's mind. He sees, of course, the artist, working at his scheme of color and atmosphere. But he perceives also a detached and restless intelligence, only half-interested in the inter-play of his characters, or concerned with them chiefly as mediums for the expression of his ideas. Obviously this divided attention is bad for artistry, in a deeper sense, for example, than is Mr. Shaw's preoccupation with ideas. With Mr. Shaw the novel or the drama is really not the thing. The critical business is rather the thesis, the argument. Mr. Shaw's reader or hearer is speedily made aware of where the real concentration lies, and is prepared for and not offended by it, partly, no doubt, because of the excellent entertainment he gets on the way. But Mr. Wells is keener on the scent of average humanity than is Mr. Shaw, and his diversions from it are therefore more truly distracting. He is an extremely rapid and impressionable traveller through life, taking note now of the mere humans he meets, now again glancing solely at their environment, and not always able to fuse his impressions in the unity of view which we call art. Some uncertainty of aim is also joined to this duality of vision. Mr. Wells travels, we say—but whither? Not deliberately, like Christian stepping out from the City of Destruction towards the City of Light; certainly not like Newman's "Anima Christiana," emerging into a kind of rapt infinity. This world of ours is both Mr. Wells's starting-point and the goal of his journey. His concern with it is practical, not truly idealistic. He would like to see the soil improved and the peasants made happy. So his work is not precisely poetry. It is rather a swift, restless, suggestive prose comment on things and their social agents.

This division of purpose is very perceptible in "The Research Magnificent." Mr. Wells has furnished it with some people and things. One of them, "Amanda," is very near to a masterpiece. But by the time Mr. Wells has prepared us to be extremely interested in "Amanda" he has become so absorbed in her husband's anxiety to be a British Samurai that he tumbles her, a little hastily and peremptorily, into the mud. Was this quite what he meant to do with her? Is it the true development of the brilliant little sketch of her scheming and rather false maidenhood? We doubt it. Benham himself seems to have been born for other things than to "prepare an aristocracy" or "to get the world-state ready." If he was never destined to make Amanda happy, he is not visible to us as commanding the necessary output of the reformer. Neither the moral qualities, such as enthusiasm, faith, concentration of mind, are his; nor the intellectual, such as the power to choose instruments. His note is rather chilliness, not a sign of the pioneer intelligence. Life—a hot, rough-and-tumble affair—repels rather than attracts him. Benham shrinks from the brutal squalor of Balkan politics, or the caste hatreds of India, or the mutual repulsion of Jews and Russians, no less than from the pettiness of an "affair" with Mrs. Skelmersdale. When, therefore, he fixes on the spiritual "Limitations" to his quest, he selects them in the spirit of a Buddhist priest rather than of a warrior of humanity. Fear, Desire, Jealousy, Prejudice—these are the four things to be eliminated. But Benham has no difficulty in eliminating them. Save for a dislike of mountain altitudes, he is no coward; he loves faintly, and with growing physical aversions; he is therefore not jealous; and his choice of the satyr, Prothero, as friend and travelling companion exhibits a serene indifference to prejudice. With what, in effect, does he sympathize? With so little that when he comes to an end as an innocent victim of the entangled "foolery" of the great strike at Johannesburg, we wonder what his unpublished book can contain beyond an abstract of his disillusionments.

But here, after all, lies Mr. Wells's strength as a writer. He is an enumerator of discontents, the discontents of the mind rather than of the street revolution. Nothing seems to him to abide in a

society made for half-a-dozen kinds of dissolvent processes. Therefore, even in work which hardly takes rank as entirely successful artistry—when he tires of his characters, or merely prologizes about them—he accomplishes his real, even if half-conscious, aim as an awakener. Benham himself is in this sense one of a dozen of Mr. Wells's incarnations. These "much-deceived Endymions!" What is to be done with them but to slip them behind a tomb? What else is the world doing with itself? Mr. Wells seems always to be saying to it that it is not wicked so much as infirm of purpose. And really we know of no more pregnant criticism.

GAMES.

"The Victorians." By NETTA SYRETT. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)
"The Money-Master." By GILBERT PARKER. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

"Mr. Broom and His Brother." By MRS. A. SIDGWICK. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)
"Troubled Tranton." By W. E. NORRIS. (Constable. 6s.)

If Jack the Reviewer feels a dull boy to-day it must be his own fault, for here are four novelists all playing games with him as hard as they can. Miss Netta Syrett has chosen the most entertaining game, and she is playing much better than the rest. From an old-fashioned box of bricks she has begun, and she intends to finish, building a house which shows Jack where he used to live, not when he was little exactly, but when he was really young. Jack watches and remembers; but, all of a sudden, runs to call in Jill. Jill, he thinks, will like it even better, for a girl lived here, and Jack feels rather like "the Papa" who (in the most delightful moment of the book), is walked through the dolls' house by Rose and Lucie. Jill comes in and forthwith squats on the floor in eager interest. "Lots of it was like that," says Jill, absorbed; "and some of it wasn't. Miss Syrett is building splendidly, but she hasn't got all the bricks." Or is it, rather, that Miss Syrett has pushed some of them aside, and that they are of a kind which she tends always so to treat? They might be called the plain ones, the "heavy" ones. A clever critic somewhere has observed that English novelists are too mortally afraid of being dull, and that a certain substratum of what they fear as dulness is essential to the construction of a serious work of art. It is true that there has been shown recently a strong inclination to take that critic's advice; but Miss Syrett has by no means subscribed to it. Not one brick in "The Victorians" is heavy; and we have a certain sense of wobbliness. In plain words, the period—that late Victorian period which is among the themes of the moment, and the avowed preoccupation here—is only externally realized. Rose Cottingham, the informing spirit of the story, belongs to the Ibsen age, the Beardsley age, and both are shown upon the surface. Rose sees "The Doll's House," she goes to and enjoys a Yellow-Bookish party, her first book (for she is to be an author) is fostered by that little coterie, and so forth. But Rose herself is in no way moulded by her period; she escapes it almost wholly. Her conflict with her surroundings, even her occasional surrender to them, is not of an age, but of all time. Rose is the feminine Romantic, which in all periods has persisted, and persists. . . . But the scenes of childhood and school-life are absorbing. Miss Quayle, the monumental, neurasthenic little pioneer of female education, is a triumph; all the governesses, indeed, are admirably touched in. One detail we must notice adversely, but Miss Syrett will be grateful to us. "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?" When for "launched" is substituted "burned," we can feel nothing but wonder that Miss Syrett should, even erroneously, have remembered a line in which she has missed all the splendor.

Sir Gilbert Parker is playing "Meccano." We have often watched a clever nephew at this game, and envied him his fingers as he constructed, added, and then took to pieces delicately. Sir Gilbert has not that fine touch. He put his toy together firmly, but when it came to adding and undoing, there was forcing and fumbling. The "Money-Master,"

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Epidemics have spread throughout the country, and the domestic hearth is extinguished.

Has the Jew the Right to Your Help?

Yes; every nation has this right in the name of humanity. But the Jews have the right also in the name of their historic past. They have not only given us our religion, but have also been the means, in God's hand, of preserving it through many dark days. Others would have thought only of themselves; the Jews' first thought was the conserving of the law of God. During the centuries since then, the Bible and no small number of Jewish messengers have been the means of true progress. Yet think of the ages of persecution they have had to contend with. Wherever hunger and great disasters struck the nations amongst whom they live, the Jews suffered most. Of all the tragedies on this earth, surely theirs is one that surpasses them all! No earthly voice seems to rise on their behalf—no King! no Prince! to represent them. Do you not hear the heavenly voice? **The King of Kings** is appealing, "In as much as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Let the bleeding hearts of millions of Jewish mothers know other feelings than pain. Let the voice of Israel not only speak in a sigh, but may they amidst all this horror through which they are passing still be able to say:—Blessed be the name of the Lord, for His redeemed children, who in His name came forward and helped us in our affliction. Let, therefore, the Jewish mothers be able to give their children something more than tears. Also by helping them now in their dire need, you may be sure that in days to come the ever-grateful hearts of these people will always remember that when they and their children were hungry you fed them, and when they were naked you clothed them.

We are convinced that our country's past greatness in the hands of God has in part been due to our generous and Christian treatment to this race, and we believe that by doing what we can for them now, greater blessings even than those of the past will come to us, for has not God said, "He that blesses thee, him will I bless"?

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- SOURCES AND METHODS OF PAYING FOR THE WAR.** By Prof. A. C. PIGOU.
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Jean-Jacques Barbille, a French Canadian, with his practical and his philosophical strains for ever conflicting with one another, is a notable creation, most winning, touching; but the process of disintegration fails to move us, because, with it, the character-construction gives place to plot-construction. The money-master has to be "undone" to make the story. But he should be by himself undone, and this he is not. The climax of the book, his daughter's elopement, is but arbitrarily brought about by his character; in the scene with her he turns into a different person—and a different person he thenceforth remains. Worse still, the long arm of coincidence enfolds him. Sir Gilbert has tried to make two things at once with his Meccano; that is in the game, but his finger is not quite fine enough; and so the first thing loosens while the second does not "make" at all.

Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick comes in with the firelight and a fairy-tale—two fairy-tales: Prince Charming and his rescued princess, robbers, poisons, then the Babes in the Wood and the Wicked Uncle. The nursery can always hear these tales again, but they must be "just so," or it is disappointed. Jack's quarrel with the lady is a more grown-up affair. Authors must be allowed their whims, especially when they know how to play, and Mrs. Sidgwick's Prince Charmings are both engaging. They are real princes, one disguised as a travelling secretary, the other as a specialist in digestive diseases. (The nursery squirmed there, and when the narrator said "Katavia," instead of "Ruritania," it yelped.) But Jack likes Mrs. Sidgwick's own tales better, and though he thanks her politely he hopes she will make up the next one herself.

Jack is tired after his long day of games, and that may be the reason for his languor with Mr. Norris's jig-saw puzzle. It is a neat little puzzle, not one of those which take several people and a table put out of action for days and days to get it done. But, small as it is, it had the usual effect on Jack of picking up a bit here and there, fitting it in if he could, and if he couldn't walking off and forgetting all about it. The picture is a country-house scene, with lots of people; the margins are well filled, and none of the pieces kept falling on the floor. Jack got it done, for all his languor, a little sooner than Mr. Norris had seemed to expect, and he is now quite ready to send it on to the hospitals. "You couldn't possibly want to do it twice," he whispers to Jill; but, "Thank you very much, Mr. Norris," he adds, aloud.

The Week in the City.

THE removal of minimum prices from Consols from the Foreign Market and from Colonial Corporation stocks on Monday came as an agreeable surprise, though the Treasury, it is well known, has long been in favor of the change. The retention of minimum prices was advocated by bankers from a balance-sheet point of view, but such a sham was surely unworthy of the City of London. And the inconvenience of unsaleability was most serious. The release of prices caused no excitement. In some cases a very small sale brought about a fall of, perhaps, a dozen

points. In other cases the real market price proved to be up to or above the minimum. Some of the Colonial Corporation stocks, such as Montreal 4½ per cents., look attractively cheap at the new prices, but in many of them, of course, there is practically no market.

THE IMPROVEMENT IN BANK SHARES

Recent fears of reductions in bank dividends at the end of the year have subsided, if the improvement in the list can be taken as a guide. The chief demand seems to be for those engaged in foreign and colonial business, but the London group contains many cheap shares, and that these are being sought is seen from the advance which has occurred since the end of October. The fall since January has been heavy, and although the advance during November has been substantial, prices have a long way to go to reach the January level. The largest rises have been marked in London Joint Stocks (2½ points) and in London County and Westminster (2¼ points). It is stated that there is a steady investment demand and the financial strength of the various concerns is evidently influencing the choice of investors, for in the statements for last June (the latest published figures) these two banks show the largest ratio of cash, bills, and investments to deposit liabilities, namely, 71.4 and 71.0 per cent. respectively. Many of the London banks have a large uncalled liability on their shares, but in most cases the bulk of this is "reserved," that is, it cannot be called up except in the case of reorganization of the bank or liquidation, voluntary or otherwise.

MARKETS FREED OF THE MINIMUM.

Though there is a strong minority of members opposed to the removal of minimum prices, the House as a whole, writes a correspondent, seems to be well satisfied. Affairs in the markets affected are progressing normally, and one security after another is beginning to find its natural level. Consols opened at 58, which was, perhaps, a point below expectations, but have since fallen a little, expectations that investors would sell War Loan and buy Consols at the new price being hardly fulfilled. Generally speaking, movements have been very tentative in the "freed" markets, dealers inclining towards a "wait-and-see" policy, but, as the days pass, dealings are becoming more frequent, and the benefit of the removal in bringing to the market securities that have long been unsaleable is already felt. It will be felt more and more in the coming weeks, and the Stock Exchange should enjoy a by no means unimportant accretion of business. A few typical examples of present prices as compared with the minima in force until Monday last are shown below:—

		Latest Price.	Previous Minimum.
Consols	...	50½	65
2½ per Cent. Annuities	...	54	62
Russian 5 per Cent. 1906	...	85½	92
Chinese 1913	...	78	82
Brazil 5 per Cent. 1913	...	58	63
Montreal 4½ per Cent.	...	85½	97

Many of the securities have recovered since the first day of freedom, and of these the Brazil 5 per cent. issue is an example. The minimum was 63, and on its renewal the stock fell to 55½, but has now recovered to 58. The markets are gradually finding their feet.

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